

LIFE

'WE ARE IN MORTAL DANGER'
GENERAL GAVIN CITES TRAGIC ERRORS
IN PLANS FOR LIMITED OR MAJOR WAR

MODERN WAR STRATEGIST:
GENERAL JAMES M. GAVIN



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AUGUST 4, 1958 25 CENTS

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ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

DESERT DANGERS, ANTARCTIC DEEDS

The datelines of faraway places were much in evidence last week. Middle East capitals were on the front pages and LIFE gives its readers an intimate view of what's going on there. We make some headlines of our own with a story which shows the prophecies of a famous general confirmed by today's events. And there is proof in Antarctica that earthbound man is still capable of great deeds.

Dateline: THE PENTAGON

With current events confirming gloomy predictions he made when he quit the Army in protest against Pentagon policies, Lieut. General James M. Gavin—in the first of two instalments—tells how the U.S. prepared mainly for massive warfare, minimizing the kind of limited emergency that brought U.S. troops to the Middle East. This week he describes the blunders and duplicity that undermined U.S. defenses and let Russia get ahead in missiles.



GENERAL GAVIN

Dateline: MIDDLE EAST



Photographing an exultant Nasser in Cairo and an uneasy King Hussein in Amman, fast-moving LIFE teams roved throughout the Middle East. Another LIFE camera caught Khrushchev in Moscow beaming smugly. This adds up to a 13-page report on the Mideast crisis, including a survivor's first-hand account of the bloody revolt in Iraq.

Dateline: SOUTH POLE

From the bleak, icy southern wastes, about as far as it is possible to get from the strife-torn world, LIFE records in exclusive color photographs a heroic achievement: the first crossing of Antarctica by land. The epic trek took 12 men 99 grueling days across 2,250 miles of perilous, crevassed polar ice without the loss of a single man. Dr. Vivian Fuchs, leader of the Commonwealth Transantarctic Expedition, tells in an exclusive interview how his party performed a historic feat.



FUCHS AFTER TREK

COVER

Army's former Chief of Research and Development, Lieut. General James M. Gavin, now vice president-director of Arthur D. Little, Inc., Cambridge, Mass., an industrial research and engineering firm, is shown here in Army uniform wearing the shoulder patch of the famed 82nd Airborne Division which he commanded during World War II. (see pp. 74-86)

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES



ROMPING IN A HAMMOCK, 8-YEAR-OLD STEPHANIE WHITE EXPERIMENTS TO SEE HOW HIGH SHE CAN FLY

August

Who has seen
The king, the queen?
(The heat hangs in the branches.)
The world they own
Is quite alone
Under the currant bushes.

A little girl falls from the sky
On a silent swing
Into a deep, green well
And then flies up again.

Take a basket and a hat
And let the brim be wide
So the birds may come to you
And find a place to hide.

Take a cool drink and then
Take a deep breath
And blow a little wind into
The top of your dress.

Have you been
To heaven, heaven?
You there, in the branches,
Swinging in and out of here,
Is it far
Or is it near?



SEBASTIAN, 10, LIES IN BASKETLIKE HAMMOCK AS HE PEERS PENSIVELY FROM UNDER GRANDFATHER'S HAT

A NEIGHBOR'S WIDE-EYED CHILD PARTIALLY OPENS A DOOR WITH ONE LIFTED HAND

Interlude

A storm is brewing somewhere.
Leaving us windless, stranded,
In a still and foreign world,
With all our games suspended.

The shrill language of birds,
Like a roof in the dead air,
Heavily hangs there,
Invisibly.

What are we waiting for?
A child with one hand lifted
Has stopped before my door
And seems to listen.

And I within the room,
Piercing the silky light
Of the gray noon,
Can feel the growing distance

Between each rooted thing
And the child waiting for
A gift to come about
With the sound of a wing.



WITH A CRABBING NET OVER SHOULDER, STEPHANIE DELIGHTS IN STARTING RIPPLES ON THE CALM SHOAL WATER

Happy, Poetic Images of Children

When Claire Nicolas White, mother of two boys and two girls, wrote "Children are like kites the mother holds," she aptly described her inspiration as a poet. Allowing her charming children enough kitelike freedom to follow the currents of their whims, dipping and soaring in a world of mock-dramas and discovery—she found herself fascinated by their gyrations. Exploring her perceptive responses to these childish excitements became a stimulating poetic theme for Claire White.

The wife of a successful sculptor, Robert White, she lives in Saint James, N.Y. in a cottage on the Long Island estate of Architect Stanford White, her husband's grandfather. A neighbor and close friend, Photographer Toni Frissell, became interested in capturing on film the scenes which inspired Claire White's poetic insights. The result is the meld of poetry and pictures shown on these pages—sensitive images of the world of both mother and child.



POET CLAIRE WHITE HOLDS NATALIE AT ONE MONTH

Low Tide

The sleek creek,
The slack grass,
The tide's slide,
The sand's hide.

From the water's
Dull lap
Slowly rises
The fiddler crab.

Jovial he
Waves his claw.
Others answer
Neighbourly.

When a girl
Picks her way
With pale legs
And tall steps,

Nothing nibbles
At her toes.
Ripples spread
Where she goes.

Through the shoal
Waters glide
Horse-shoe crabs
By her side.

Lead and buff,
Green sheen.
White and thin
Evening sun.

The blue heron
Dreams aloud.
Nothing stirs.
He demurs.

Something grows
in the mud! . . .
What is this
Parenthesis?

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

LIFE'S COVER

Sirs:

Cigars in a wheat field (LIFE Cover, July 14)? Farmer Krichbaum must really have money to burn!

RAMON R. ROSSWAG

Flemington, N.J.

Sirs:

If Clarence Krichbaum's cigar was lighted, it was very much out of place in a ripe field like this. Maybe he was just chewing on it.

CORINNE NEIL

Mangum, Okla.

• He was.—ED.

Sirs:

The cigar adds a bit of assured prosperity to the farm scene in 1958. Should our thanks go to nature or doesn't Mr. Benson come in for at least a tiny Oscar?

FRANK J. KRACHA

Three Lakes, Wis.

FAT DAYS IN THE U.S. FARM BELT

Sirs:

That air shot showing the pattern of harvest of the two combines in Oklahoma is a real bit of photo art ("Fat Days in the U.S. Farm Belt," LIFE, July 14). It also reveals that this wheat grower should fire a couple of operators who have been cutting corners and leaving quite a bit of standing grain. Good operators out this way reverse the machines on sharp corners and get it all first time over.

F. HAL HIGGINS

Walnut Creek, Calif.

Sirs:

I always thought Iowa was the state where "the tall corn grows" until I saw that picture of Miss Sioux City standing in a field on page 97 where the corn is "knee high by the Fourth of July."

That might be all right for Iowa, but out here in Washington the corn stands at least 10 feet high by the Fourth. Here is a picture taken on that date. I'm



TALL CORN IN WASHINGTON

holding a five-foot irrigation shovel which did not reach the top.

MRS. ELDON PETERSON

Toppenish, Wash.

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EDITORIALS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your editorial, "Making Democracy Look Foolish" (LIFE, July 14). Let's have less Harris-type investigation and more legislation.

MRS. JOHN E. OWEN

Little Rock, Ark.

Sirs:

Has the cotton candy concession been assigned? A carnival is just not one without cotton candy.

LEE R. ROYAL

Dallas, Texas

Sirs:

Are LIFE's shoes pinching a bit from the Adams-Goldfine headlines? Apparently you would like to scuttle the subcommittee before it exposes the whole bag of Eisenhower dirty linen.

WILLIAM E. WHITING

Monsey, N.Y.

Sirs:

Bravo! It's great to see someone find something good about the United States pavilion at the Brussels Fair. Your editorial "Our Image at Brussels" (LIFE, July 14) was a ray of sunshine. It's a damn shame the way the Americans knock their own country.

WALTER E. SALVI

Boston, Mass.

Sirs:

LIFE surprises me with its defense of the U.S. exhibit at Brussels.

I too left the building feeling ashamed of it. I had just seen the exhibits of Holland, Finland, Norway, Switzerland, Brazil and Great Britain. They seemed to me to tell a clear story of "moral and material stock-taking of man's achievements" and they did not resort to mere size, nor to frivolities used by our planners.

MARVIN C. ROGERS

Flossmoor, Ill.

FIRE ANT PLAGUE

Sirs:

Since those fire ants are ruining the South and no one seems satisfied with those insecticides ("Fire Ant Plague," LIFE, July 14), I'd beg, borrow, buy or steal an Army flame thrower and shoot it into each mound.

MRS. HELEN KELCHNER

Berwick, Pa.

Sirs:

Try high frequency ultrasonics.

BERNARD MARSHALL

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

The most potent weapon I can think of is the great anteater and others of his tribe. Why aren't they being considered for the job?

N. F. SIEGEL

Hollywood, Calif.

• Because they would be too expensive to import from South America. Ultrasonics have been considered but found impractical and flame throwers penetrate only a few inches of soil.—ED.

BANK OF INTERNAL ORGANS

Sirs:

Just finished reading "Science Nears a Goal: Bank of Vital Organs" (LIFE, July 14) by Leonard Engel. As a pre-med student at the University of Oklahoma I would like to thank you for a splendid article. If the time does come when people will be asked to donate an internal organ, articles such as this will have conditioned our public so that the donations will come willingly and hopefully.

RONALD STRABAN

Norman, Okla.

Sirs:

Mr. Engel's article opens fascinating possibilities. When we can transplant brains, some members of the human race should be able to live forever. Of course, it will be necessary to find bodies whose original owners are willing to part with them, but until a suitable system of priorities for human bodies can be worked out, most of us will doubtless be willing to spend half

a dozen lifetimes as horses or dogs, waiting our turn again to be members of the master race.

TOM POWELL

Stonington, Conn.

LIFE LETTERS

Sirs:

Having just seen the letter and picture of the headless sailor (LIFE Letters, July 14), here's a horizontal view of a headless man. Having dug a hole on an experimental golf green and lined it with glass, an agronomy grad student at Purdue sticks his head into the hole at data-taking time to observe root growth. Shocked pedestrians may be happy to eventually learn that the headless body which twitches now and then is just another grad student who has lost his head over research.

J. A. CHISCON

W. Lafayette, Ind.



HEADLESS AGRONOMY STUDENT

MISCELLANY

Sirs:

Cheers for the Brownie ("Boot by a Brash Brownie," LIFE, July 14). Rotten eggs for adults who make ceremonials so long that this urge must come out.

H. D. FRAZIER

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

I was almost in tears when LIFE came today. I have been on the board of directors of Girl Scouts for over 30 years and given untold hours to its wonderful work. Why you would print such a picture as "Boot by a Brash Brownie" I'll never know. I am truly stunned.

Louise PARKER HILL

Bangor, Me.

AFTER DARK DEED, THE HARD LINE

Sirs:

I've been looking at the long picture LIFE ran on page 15 labeled "In Moscow . . . well-organized demonstrators parade through Red Square to West German embassy . . ." ("After Dark Deed, the Hard Line," LIFE, July 7). I've never seen a better-dressed group of Russians. Many have cameras and obviously well-tailored clothes. They look like tourists.

WALT GROSSFELD

Highland Park, Mich.

• They are tourists, wrongly identified by the Associated Press.—ED.

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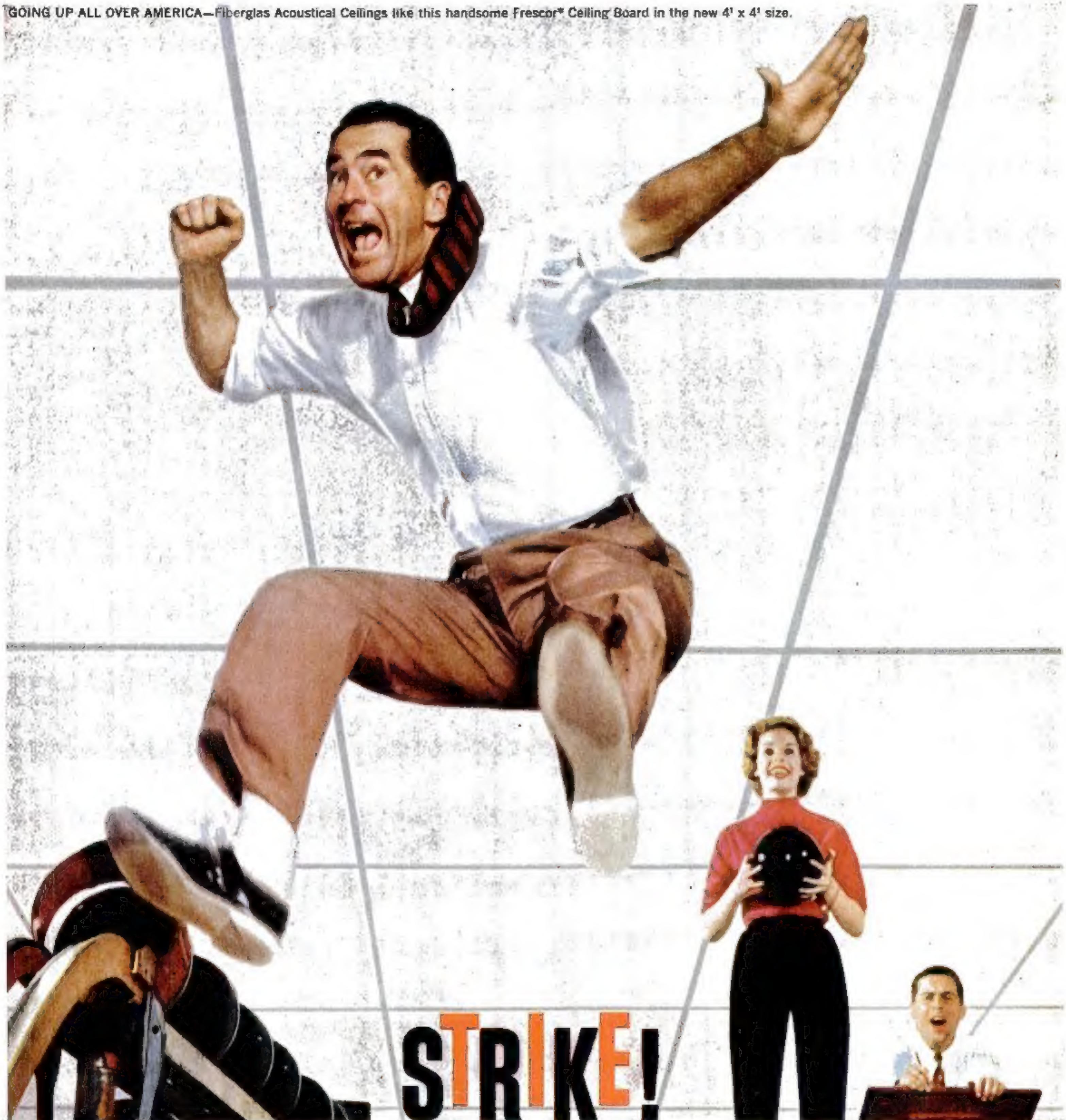
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AT RIGHT: Natural cherry glows against embossed brass pulls and delicate metal grillwork in your English Regency dining room. Choice of oval, drop-leaf or rectangular tables, two buffets, two chinas, arm and side chairs.





WEARING TRIUMPHANT GRIN AND TWO ORDERS OF HERO OF SOCIALIST LABOR, KHRUSHCHEV APPEARS IN FINE FETTLE AT THE POLISH EMBASSY IN MOSCOW

MR. K's BID TO BE MR. BIG

HE TRIES TO PARLAY MIDDLE EAST TENSION INTO SUMMIT STRATEGY

The large, round head and shrewd, peasant face of Nikita Khrushchev once again thrust itself onto the center of the international scene. With his dramatic proposal for summit talks on the Middle East, Khrushchev had seized the diplomatic initiative and caught the world's attention and he was maneuvering hard to keep both. Talking peace, he smoothly suggested the inclusion of Arab and neutral states in the conferences. Talking tough, he rattled his rockets and aggressively pursued the age-old Russian ambition of a major voice in Middle Eastern affairs—an ambition he himself had markedly

advanced when he made his arms deal with Egypt's Nasser and his alliance with Arab nationalism three years ago.

But Khrushchev did not have the entire week his own way. The West insisted that the rules of a summit session be set by the U.N. Security Council, which would determine the time, membership and the agenda of the meeting. The West served notice on Khrushchev that not only its troop moves but all aspects of the Middle East crisis—notably the aggressive and subversive Soviet actions that had helped foment it—would have to be discussed. These

terms made summit prospects less glowing for Russia and paved the way for really positive Western proposals, if the West cared to make them (see *Editorial*, p. 29). But the momentum that had been generated made it almost sure there would be a summit conference, probably at the U.N. in August. And it was equally likely that Mr. K. would attend.

Meanwhile the tensions aroused by the Middle East crisis kept building over the world. The tortuous and dangerous developments in Arab capitals (pp. 12-19) guaranteed that there would be plenty to talk about at the summit.



EBULLIENTLY HOLDING FORTH AT POLISH EMBASSY PARTY, KHRUSHCHEV SAYS OF MIDDLE EAST DEVELOPMENTS, "WE ARE LIVING IN GOOD TIMES WE ARE

Moscow, U.S.S.R.

KHRUSHCHEV BASKS IN NEW SURPRISES

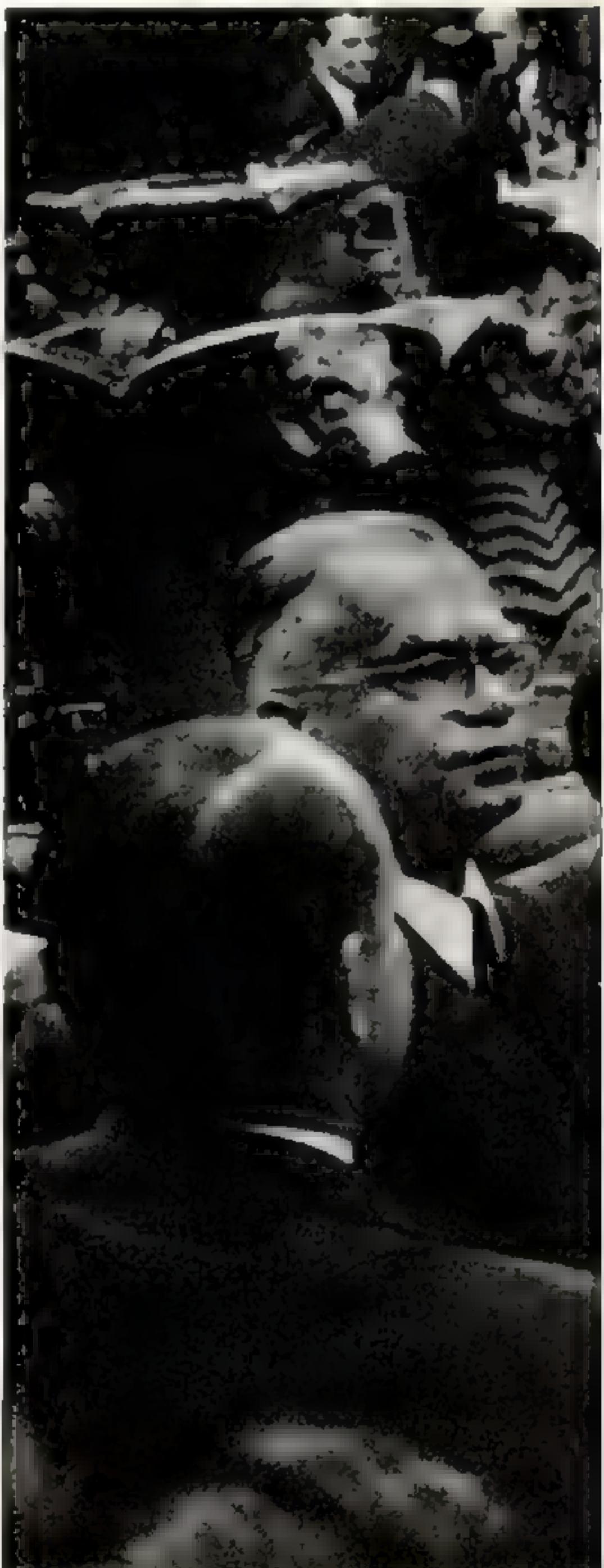
Khrushchev's uninhibited delight at the discomfiture of the West was written all over his face as he made his impromptu speech (above) at the Polish embassy reception in Moscow. He was relishing the uproar his summit proposal had caused and, anticipating the effect of surprises in preparation, he concentrated his comments on developments in the Middle East. He praised the revolutionary Iraqi government and Nasser. "The imperialists want to strangle the Arab liberation movement," Khrushchev said, "but they will not succeed because their arms are too short." Then he indicated what the long Soviet arm, linked with Arab nationalism, might achieve next in the Middle East. Of Jordan's King Hussein, Khrushchev said ominously, "We had a strong czar and you know what happened to him." As for the president

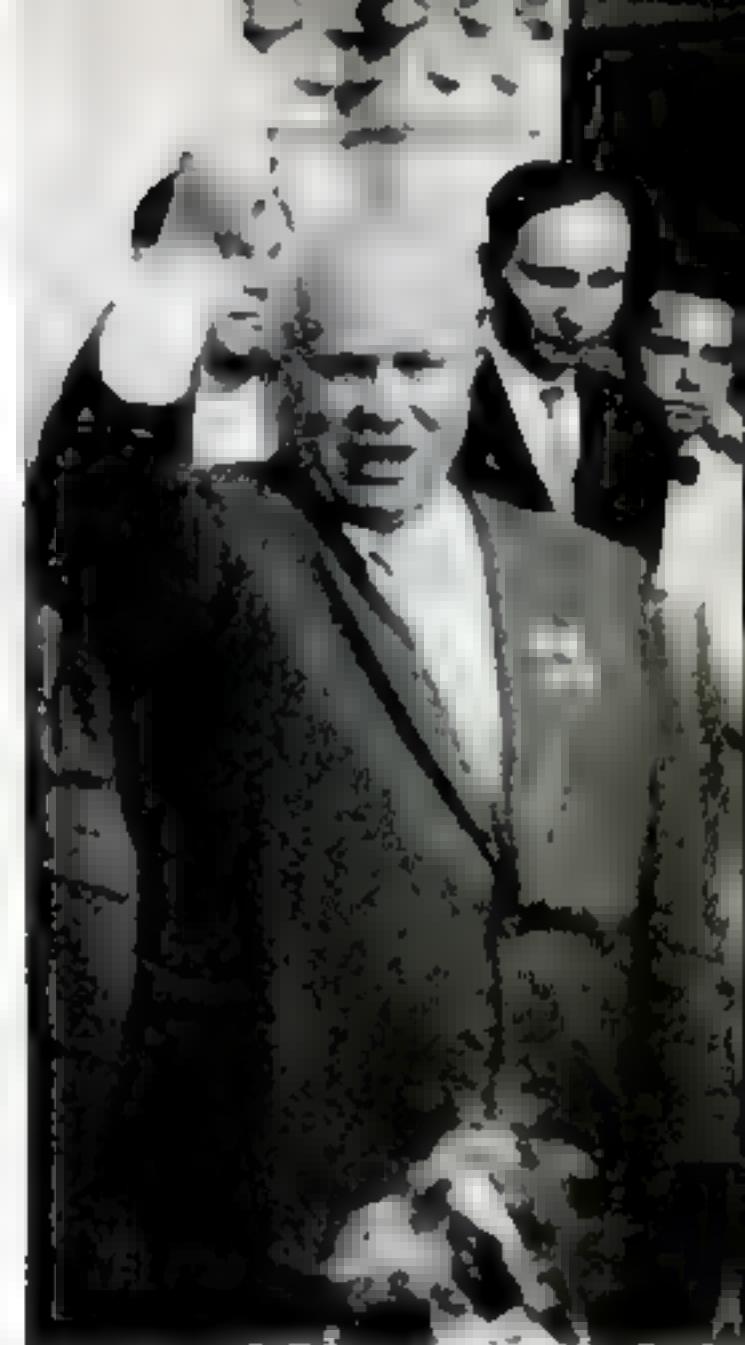
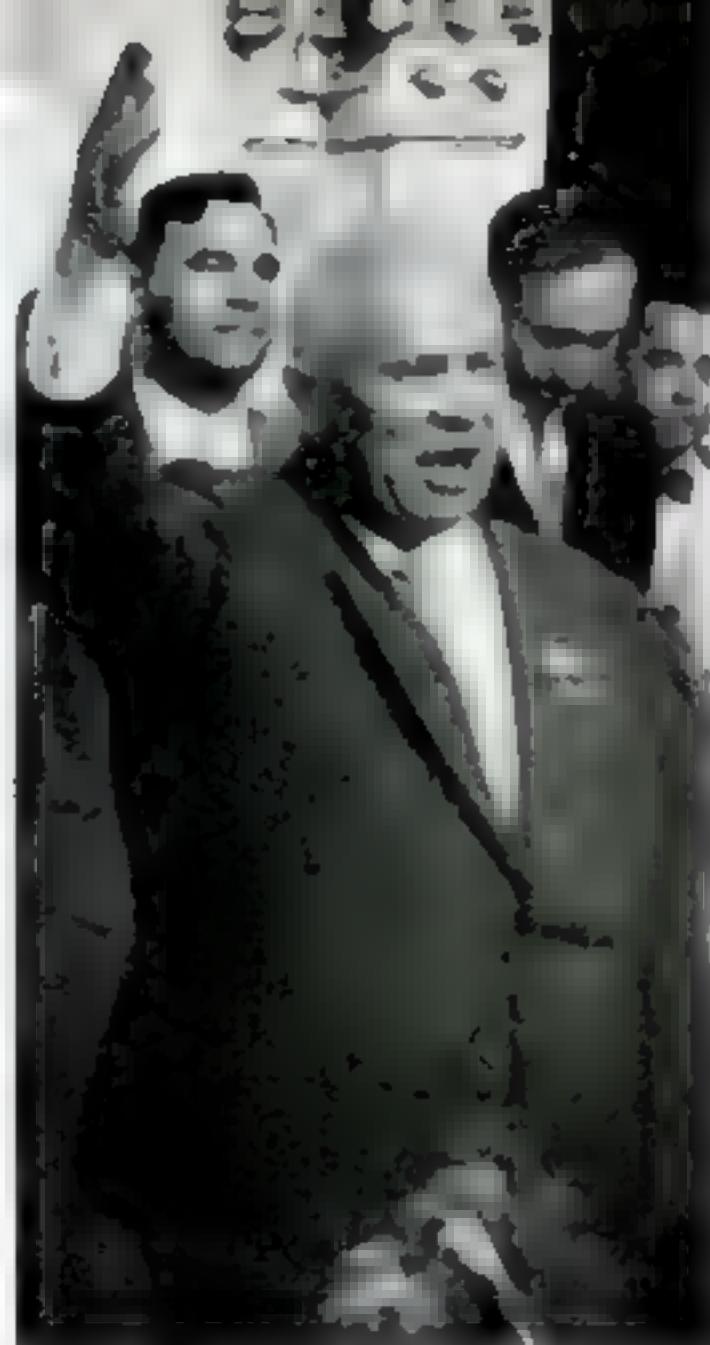
of Lebanon, "It would be sacrilege to permit Chamoun to stay in power."

After he had sat in the embassy garden with his Polish host, Khrushchev suddenly got up and, with his famous aplomb, marched over to the table where U.S. Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson was sitting. Cheerfully Khrushchev told Thompson, "I don't want you to think that the West is being isolated here." While Thompson, mindful of the fact that only days earlier Khrushchev had let 100,000 demonstrators loose against his embassy, responded distantly, the unruffled Khrushchev engaged Mrs. Thompson in conversation (right). He complimented her on her progress in Russian and smiled that perhaps she ought to be the U.S. ambassador. To top off his performance, Khrushchev drank toasts in mineral water.



SCENE OF PARTY was the Polish embassy garden. Here Khrushchev makes his way to the U.S. table.





HAPPY WHEN COLONIAL NATIONS RISE UP AND BREAK THEIR CHAINS . . . LET THE IMPERIALISTS WORRY . . . FOR THE OLD, THERE IS NOTHING LEFT BUT TO DIE'



IN ANIMATED TALK with Mrs. Llewellyn Thompson, the U.S. ambassador's wife, bemuddled Khrushchev is life of the party. Facing camera from left are Indian Ambassador K. P. S. Menon and an interpreter from the Soviet Foreign Ministry. Ambassador Thompson is hidden by branch in foreground.

shehev is life of the party. Facing camera from left are Indian Ambassador K. P. S. Menon and an interpreter from the Soviet Foreign Ministry. Ambassador Thompson is hidden by branch in foreground.

CONTINUED II



PRINCE'S CORPSE, remains of king's uncle, was displayed in city.



KING'S NIGHTSHIRT, bloodied when he was murdered, lies on palace lawn.



BULLETPROOF VEST of dead Premier Nuri is found in his home.



ECSTATICALLY CHEERING FOR IRAQ'S

Baghdad, Iraq

A SURVIVOR GIVES DETAILS OF SAVAGERY

In Baghdad, where the whole Middle East crisis had been touched off by an army coup over two weeks ago, the new regime of Premier Karem Kassim was so confident of absolute victory that it boldly admitted to the plotting that preceded the revolt, though it minimized the savage bloodletting that followed. But in pictures arriving last week from Baghdad, the world could see the results of the uprising, and in Amman, Major General Sadiq Sharai of Jordan's Arab Legion, just back from Baghdad, gave LIFE Correspondent David Snell a first-person account of his chilling experiences:

ON the Monday of the coup I was in bed in my room at the New Baghdad Hotel when there came a knock at the door at 7:30. I went to the door and was told by a man that the three Jordanian ministers who were also staying in the hotel wanted me to come to them at once. He said that a *coup d'état*

was in progress in Baghdad. I dressed quickly and went downstairs to the hotel lobby where I joined the three ministers, Ibrahim Hashim, Suleiman Toukan and Khalousi el Khairi.

At 9:30 an Iraqi officer arrived with 10 or 15 soldiers in two armored cars. They asked our names, nationality and so forth. Then they took us outside and there we saw about 20 other civilians who

had been taken from the hotel. They loaded all of us into a truck with one officer and four soldiers. We were taken through the streets, through many mobs of thousands of people, and about 20 minutes later arrived at the Ministry of Defense building. Because, I suppose, he could not reach the main gate, the driver tried to take us to the side gate. To get there he had to push along slowly through crowds filling a very narrow street. About 10 or 15 yards from the side gate the truck stopped because there was another truck stalled just ahead. Our driver tried to push this truck with his bumper but could not move it.

Suddenly the mob attacked, tearing off the tarpaulin from the truck and flailing us with stones

and sticks. Then they started pulling people from the truck down into the street.

Everyone who was pulled down was cut to bits. We did not dare try to jump and run toward the gate because it was still closed and anyone who got out of the truck was killed instantly. The four soldiers who were escorting us couldn't, or at least didn't, defend us. I saw Hashim die at my side as a stone smashed his head. Toukan was cut to pieces just outside the truck. I saw a young German or Swiss of about 30 grabbed by the head and pulled down by the mob. About eight people started slashing and stabbing him and beating him with rods. They cut his head off. I did not see the death of the American Burns [Eugene Burns, a writer on wildlife] but later one of our survivors told me he was pulled down and killed like the others. You just cannot imagine it. It was complete chaos.

Those of us who had managed to stay in the truck continued to be attacked with a hail of stones. I received several bad wounds on the back of my head and on my right eye. Finally, after I don't know how many minutes, an Iraqi officer and four or five soldiers opened the gate. Those of us who were still alive tried desperately to jump and run for it. Anyone who could not reach the gate was killed and dismembered. Those who did reach it were saved. Only about half of those who had ridden in the truck managed to survive the mob.

After we got inside they brought an ambulance and tried to take us to a hospital. When the ambulance emerged from the gate the mob attacked and tried to destroy it. Somehow it got back inside. Then they brought first aid and treated the wounds of Khalousi el Khairi, myself and the rest of us. We stayed until evening when they took us to a military hospital. Later they sent for me and took me to the Ministry of Defense where I saw the new ministers who had made the revolt. They apologized for what had happened to us and for the deaths of the Jordanians in the truck. They asked if I would like to go back to Amman and I of course said yes. They collected the surviving members of our Jordanian party and sent us home in Baghdad taxis. I do not know how we were saved. If the gate had been delayed another five minutes we all would have been killed.



GENERAL SHARI





REBEL REPUBLICAN REGIME, WAVING DEMONSTRATORS POUR DOWN BAGHDAD STREET BEFORE NEW GOVERNMENT TONED DOWN RIOTOUS SHOWS OF SUPPORT



REBEL PREMIER, Brigadier Kareem Kassim, 44, stands in his new headquarters with an armed aide behind him.

ROYAL STUDY in King Faisal's palace, which was burned and ransacked by Baghdad mob, is occupied by soldiers.



HUGE SWORD OF ISLAM appears on flag behind Nasser as he reassured the West by reciting he had kept Suez Canal open despite prodding to contrary

pointed out that 'the three honorable leaders of the Iraqi people have announced the oil will be used for the benefit of their people and of humanity at large.'

Damascus and Cairo, U.A.R.

HOME FROM MOSCOW, NASSER WHOOPS UP ARABS' VICTORY

Nobody knew for sure just how much he helped it along, but the week following Iraq's revolt was plainly a time of triumph for the Middle East's key figure, the United Arab Republic's president, Gamal Abdel Nasser. Dropping into Damascus on the way back from his meeting with Khrushchev, Nasser huddled with Iraq's new deputy premier, Colonel Abdul el-Sallam Mohammed Aref (below right). Then, before a Moslem crowd gathered under a crescent moon, he blared out his call to the spreading surge of Arab nationalism. "We will defend this victory for which we have paid so much of our blood," he proclaimed, "The flag of freedom will be hoisted over Beirut and Amman as it has been elsewhere in the Arab world."

In a series of busy conferences he signed and announced a mutual defense pact between the U.A.R. and Iraq. With Colonel Aref he pledged himself to peace, responsibility before the U.N., and the free flow of Iraq's oil. But before heading home he sat down in secret with Sheikh Abdullah, ruler of Kuwait where the West gets 415 million barrels of oil a year. The sheikh, it was explained, had turned up in Damascus by accident.

Back in Cairo, Nasser had still another victory to celebrate. Last week was the sixth anniversary of his own revolt against King Farouk. This might ordinarily have been an excuse for hot at use of the West. But Nasser, apparently eager to consolidate his new gains in peace, instead offered a remarkably restrained pitch for Middle East neutrality. Canceling the traditional independence day parades, he held the celebration to a single mass rally (right).

Facing a neon sign reading "Nationalism—Unity—Positive Neutralism" and flanked by visiting Iraqi delegates (below), Nasser pleased 100,000 of his shouting countrymen by lambasting Jordan's Hussein as a traitor and predicting Western exclusion from the Arab world. But he also declared (left) that "Egypt is fed up with the cold war," and he came out strongly in favor of U.N. summit talks on the Middle East. Next day Cairo let it be known that neutralist Nasser would be honored to come to New York even if only as an "observer."



AT CAIRO RALLY Arab and African leaders mass in special front-row seats of carpeted outdoor pavilion

to hear Nasser. Crowd of 100,000 in background kept up incessant chant of "Ya Gamal, Ya Gamal."



IRAQI MINISTER OF JUSTICE, Mustafa Ali, links hands with Nasser as the pair leaves podium after Cairo meeting. Ali delivered short speech before Nasser.



IRAQI VICE PREMIER, Colonel Aref (right), links hands with Nasser and Syria's ex-President, Kuwaiti in triumphal appearance before Damascus crowd.



AT PRESS CONFERENCE, KING HUSSEIN ACCUSES NASSER OF PLOT TO DESTROY COUNTRY'S FREEDOM

Amman, Jordan

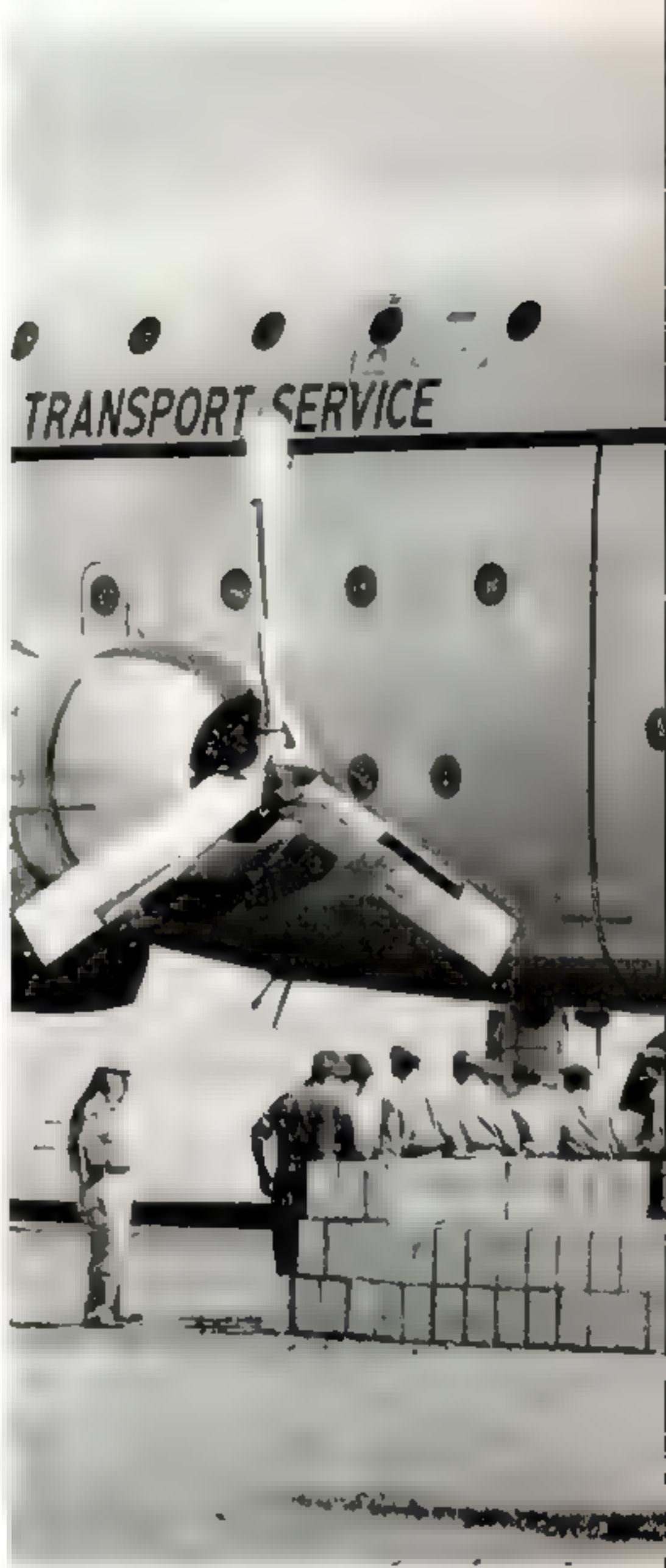
OIL LIFT HELPS BELEAGUERED HUSSEIN

The man who occupied the most exposed position in the Middle East last week was Jordan's courageous King Hussein. Though 2,000 British paratroopers were camped near Amman as a strong sign of Western support, and some U.S. tourists wandered peacefully through the countryside, Hussein still found himself on shaky ground. Two-thirds of his people are Palestinian refugees who are strongly sympathetic to Nasser. The king has had to jail so

many disloyal army officers that he has few top-grade leaders left. And his economy, cut off from Iraqi oil, is in bad shape. While tankers headed for the port of Aqaba, the U.S. came to Hussein's rescue with an oil airlift from Bahrain. With his economy bolstered and renewed loyalty sworn by his tribal chiefs, Hussein felt secure enough to break off relations with Nasser. But no one thought that his sense of security could be anything more than temporary.



← PLEDGES OF LOYALTY are made to King Hussein in his palace by Jordanian tribal chieftains





ON PATROL. British paratroopers leave wire-enclosed camp at Amman to check perimeter defense



INTREPID TOURIST in party of U.S. churchmen who entered Jordan against U.S. advice, Mrs. May



OIL BY SEA reaches Aqaba in British tanker (top) which will pass east of Suez on

OIL BY AIR comes in cans from landing craft of U.S. C-121 transports unloaded by British troops



MOUNTAIN OF RATIONS, one of many covered meats and vegetables received on Beirut docks by Marines under guard of a sentry armed with M-1 rifle.

Beirut, Lebanon

U.S. TROOPS TAKE IT EASY AS TOP BRASS NEGOTIATES

When they were not unloading supplies or pulling guard duty, about all that the U.S. troops had to do in Lebanon last week was splash in the sun, buy soft drinks from local vendors and put up signs to show they were making themselves right at home. But while the troops took it easy, the diplomats kept working toward a solution which would eventually allow the Americans to pack up their supplies and pull out.

U.S. Deputy Undersecretary of State Robert Murphy, who had flown to Lebanon to help the government patch up its political troubles, continued talking with leaders of both sides. Elections were postponed for a week in hopes that both opposition and government parties could peacefully agree on a compromise candidate. Rebel leader Bachir Salim, who demanded President Camille Chamoun's immediate resignation, also warned that there would be no election as long as foreign troops remained in Lebanon. "But we are not yet at enemies yet," he told the Americans.



HOME MADE SIGNS are erected by Marine in Beirut, Lebanon. The men marked them in grease pencil on slabs of Italian marble they had taken at the port.

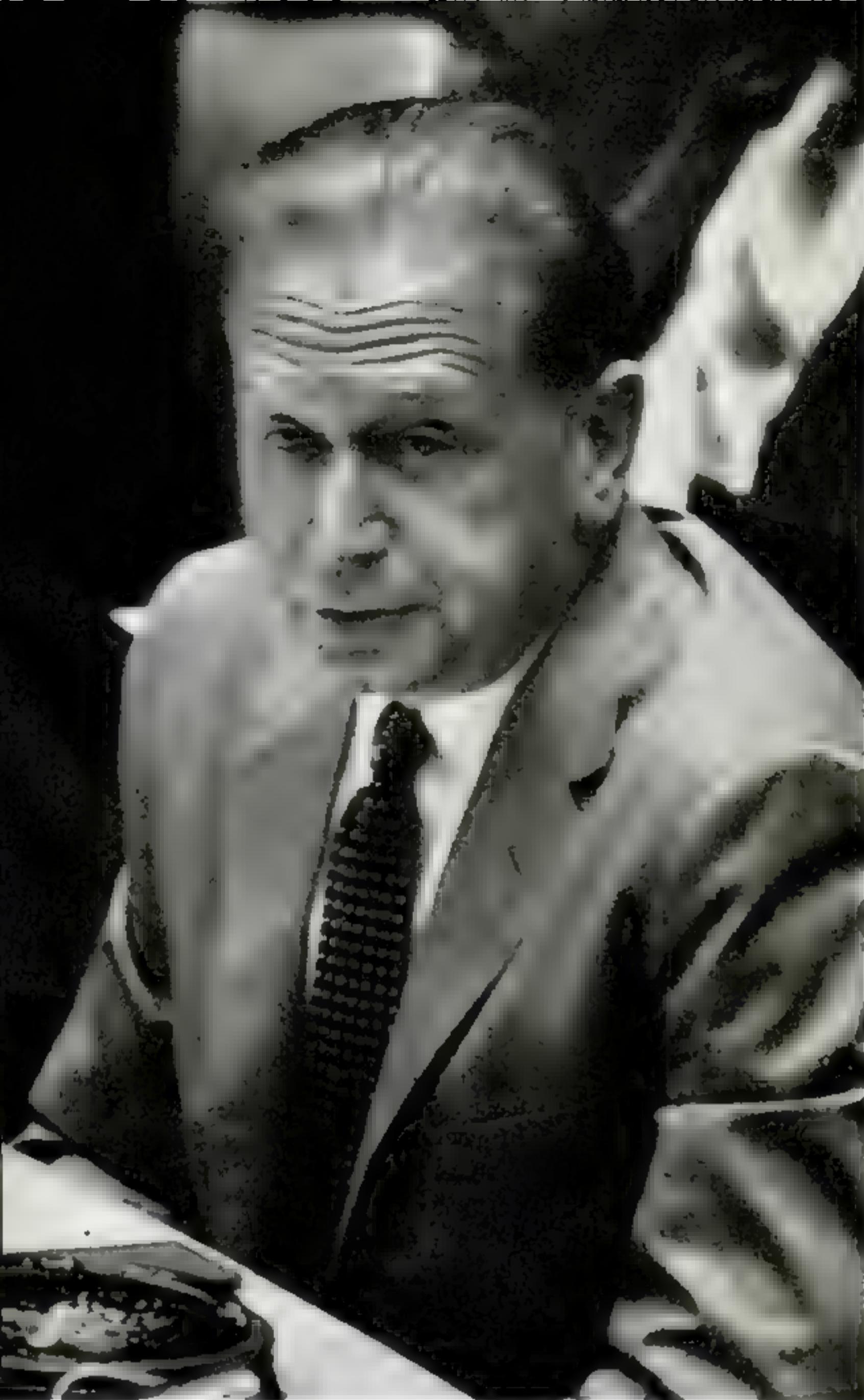
ARMY RECRUIT, standing inspection with MP on left, is interviewed by U.S. Sgt. W. W. Winters (right). Fought Communists for So. U. to help lay telephone wire.



WITH LEBANESE PRESIDENT Gamal Nkrumah (right), U.S. trouble shooter Robert Murphy (center) and Ambassador McClintock confer in Beirut palace



WITH U.S. ADMIRAL James Holloway, who commands combined U.S. forces in Lebanon, Murphy and McClintock talk strategy aboard admiral's flagship *Toronto*



HOST-TO-BE Dag Hammarskjöld explains plan to expand the U.N.'s Lebanon observer team before the Security Council adjourned to wait for summit talks.

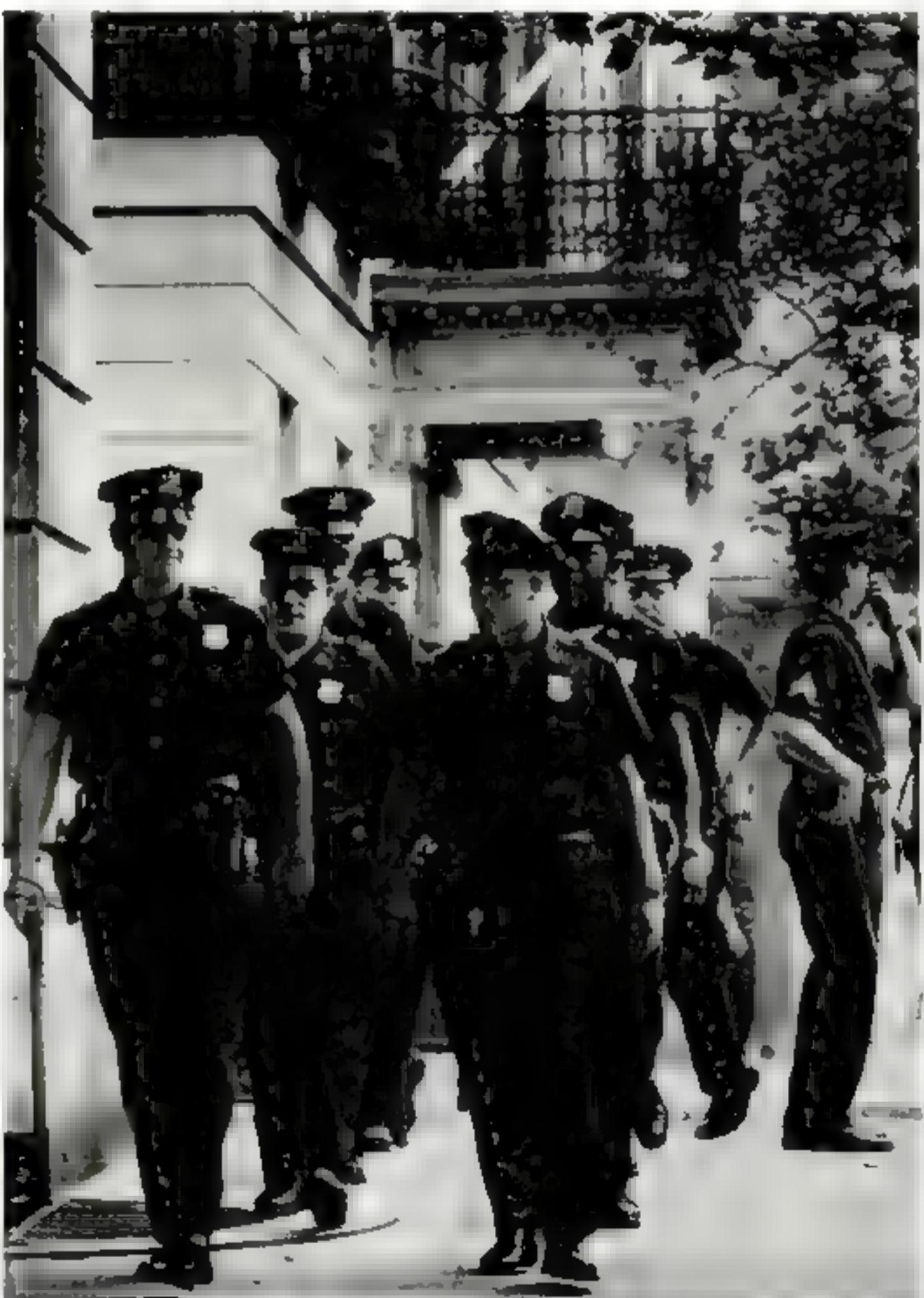
New York City, U.S.A. SECURITY IS BIG HEADACHE IN U.N. PLANS FOR SUMMIT

Moscow and Washington were still sparring over the guest list, but it looked more and more as if history's first combined Security Council and summit meeting would wind up in the glass-walled U.N. headquarters in Manhattan. From the first, the man on the spot was U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld who would be responsible for everything from security to seating plans. Closeting himself with delegates and his experts, Hammarskjöld cast about for a room big enough and isolated enough for chiefs of state to meet in, began working out a Middle East agenda.

The stickiest job, not only for Hammarskjöld but for New York City itself, was the security problem involved merely in having Nikita Khrushchev in town. The joint international police team was likely to include Secret Service, MVD and Scotland Yarders. But the security backbone would be some 4,000 New York cops (armed with clubs and pistols) to cover Khrushchev's route, supplemented by 150 U.N. guards (armed with whistles) inside the U.N. itself. Forewarned by Hungarian riots at the Russians' Park Avenue headquarters, Police Commissioner Kennedy had already posted a 33-man 24-hour watch on the building (right).



U.N. GUARDS, part of squad assigned to Security Council, stand inspection. Mostly ex-military police, guards will have to work overtime at summit meeting.



BY DAY AND BY NIGHT special three-shift squad of city policemen stands guard (above and opposite page) on Soviet U.N. delegation headquarters building.





YOUTHFUL PIONEER GETS HIS BEARD TRIMMED

MORMON TREK IN MINIATURE

Kids celebrate Utah settling

The children of Salt Lake City—more than 15,000 of them—last week celebrated the 111th anniversary of the arrival of Brigham Young's Mormons in Utah and the founding of the city. For two hours swarms of miniature bearded pioneers in their little gingham gowns and ladies streamed on foot along a five-block route. More of the pint-sized "Brigham Youngs" got to ride on the floats depicting scenes from the great 1,000-mile Mormon trek from Nebraska.

It was an entirely homemade parade. Costumes, floats and covered wagons were made at Sunday school and playgrounds by the children, with some help from teachers and parents. For weeks ahead of time they studied early Mormon history to be sure their historical tableaux were accurate. But unlike the historic trek of Brigham Young, which had as its goal the rich Salt Lake valley, these modern-day Mormons were very happy to settle for free ice cream as their reward at the end of the march.



FOUR BEARDED BOYS IN SLOUCH HATS PROUDLY PLAY THE ROLES OF THE ORIGINAL BRIGHAM YOUNG

DEPICTING 1851 ARRIVAL OF MORMON SETTLERS, A COSTUMED THRONG OF CHILDREN PULL PLAY WAGONS



PARADE'S LEADER, Robert Margean, 11, official Brigham Young, has beard, w.g. adjusted by helper.



PIONEERS WHO SETTLED SALT LAKE CITY IN 1847

CONVERTED INTO MINIATURE COVERED WAGONS



DESERT FLOWERS are portrayed on float by little girls clutching paper blossoms to heads. They are all

descendants of early pioneers and symbolic Mormon scene. The desert-silk blossom—as the rose.



SALT LAKE SIGHTING by Brigham Young and two lieutenants is enacted by Robert Vaughan (center),

posed with traditional satin suit and raised arm as float passes Young statue and Mormon temple

A LOOK AT THE WORLD'S WEEK



LATEST SATELLITE HEADS FOR ITS ORBIT

At Cape Canaveral, Fla., the first-stage engine of the Army's four-stage Jupiter C rocket ignited as a dry ice-packed boom which cools its instruments fell away. Explorer IV went into

orbit, joining two U.S. and one Russian satellite in space. The 38.43-pound satellite will report on the recently discovered dense layer of cosmic rays, potentially a barrier to space flight.



DOWNED IN COPTER,

Free after six weeks in Communist hands and laden with Red Cross supplies—U.S. Army helicopter crewmen who landed in East Germany





FREED BY COMMUNISTS

last month returned to the West. As ransom the Reds first angled for diplomatic recognition, then settled for crewmen's board: \$1,700.



← THE QINTS' BIG 15TH

The cloistered Diligenti quintuplets of Argentina made a milestone of their 15th birthday, giving their first lavish party and making a rare public appearance as they cut their fifty-pound cake before 500 guests. From left are: Ester, Carlos, Fernanda, Franco and Cristina.



PICK OF THE MISSES

Miss Colombia, Luz Marina Zuloaga, 19 (35 $\frac{1}{2}$ -23 $\frac{1}{2}$ -35 $\frac{1}{2}$), was picked in Long Beach, Calif., from 79 contestants as Miss Universe, walked regally past bravely smiling Miss U.S.A. to be crowned. Among her tangible prizes: \$11,000 in cash and \$6,000 in commercial contracts.



ON WREATH TOUR, planned by State Department, Nkrumah sees Washington tomb at Mount Vernon.



AT LINCOLN MEMORIAL Nkrumah read Gettysburg, Second Inaugural addresses, left large wreath.



FOR UNKNOWN SOLDIER Nkrumah put wreath on tomb in rain. All three wreaths were identical.



DURING RECEPTION given for the diplomatic community at the Sheraton-Park Hotel by the am-

bassador from Ghana, Daniel Chapman, Prime Minister Nkrumah and his party, before the U.S. and

GHANA'S THANKS AND ADVICE

Premier Nkrumah asks for understanding of African nationalism

Even in the heat of the Middle East crisis Washington paused long enough to tender an enthusiastic welcome to Kwame Nkrumah, the be-robed leader of newly independent Ghana (the former Gold Coast). The President received him twice, both Vice President Nixon and Secretary Dulles honored him at state dinners, and at a reception the dignitaries kept him busy shaking hands for two hours in one of the longest receiving lines in memory.

The show proved that Nkrumah (pronounced en kroomah) is more important than the size or power of Ghana (cocoa is its major cash crop) would indicate. As Ghana's prime minister and as host, last April, to the first conference of free African states, Nkrumah has set himself as a symbol of levelheaded African nationalism,

and, from Washington's point of view, an attractive alternative to Arab fanaticism.

As he made the official rounds, including speeches before both houses of Congress, U.S.-educated Nkrumah (Lincoln University) had many friendly things to say about America. "We remember with gratitude," he said, "the encouragement we have received from your government." He also offered frank advice. If the colonial powers are not prepared to cooperate with Africa's "new spirit of nationalism," he warned, "there is a great danger of nationalism aligning itself with [other] ideologies."

Nkrumah then left Washington to visit other cities and, fittingly, Hershey, Pa. where he would remind the Hershey Chocolate company there is still a lot of cocoa nestling in Ghana.



Ghana Flags stood in the receiving line for two hours as more than 1,500 Washington notables filed past



COSTUME AT WHITE HOUSE was a kente robe that is customary for formal occasions in Ghana

Nkrumah's walking stick is the symbol of his role as leader of the common people in his native village



WITH THE NIXONS Nkrumah jokes before formal dinner in Sheraton-Carlton. "We are proud," Nixon said, "that you got to know us through fellow students."



DINNER WITH THE DULLESES was held at Pan American Union. Nkrumah said Middle East oil resources should be international—Europe and other people

A PLAN TO MAKE SENSE IN THE MIDDLE EAST

The first national reaction to the prospect of a summit meeting has been gloomy and evasive. Why this attitude of forensic helplessness? The United States is committed to ensuring the independence, prosperity and stability of the Middle East. The Soviet Union is committed to destroying all three methodically. ("National liberation," said Khrushchev last week, "is the first step.") Any conference on the Middle East will fail before it starts if we stand by and watch Khrushchev weigh in with the positive-sounding plans, thereby masking the destructive nature of his policy.

We therefore urge that the U.S. propose a workable general settlement in the Middle East. We have urged such a settlement before (LIFE, Jan. 7, 1957) at a time when U.S. prestige was on the surface much higher in that area. If American aims there are clouded by troop movements and Soviet and Egyptian lies, so much the greater reason for stating those aims in some detail.

First, let's clarify the immediate objective. It is not, as many of our commentators would have it, to get the U.S. troops out of the Middle East. It is on the contrary to ensure a stability that will make their presence unnecessary and avoid their having to return in force. There is no need for any American to have a bad conscience about our sending troops to Lebanon. The revolt in Iraq may very well emerge as an honest popular revolution, but its violent beginnings were sure to be exploited by other hands in other countries to their own advantage. We stayed those hands by prompt action. We told the world again, as in Korea, that the U.S. is prepared at any cost to guarantee the peace.

A clear conscience, however, does not let Americans off the hook. It leaves us still to repair the omissions of a Middle East policy that has staggered around like a lost camel for 10 critical years.

It is the world's most pointless occupation to tell the new Arab nationalists what's good for them. They evidently don't share our interest in peace, nor have they made it easy for us to share their vague zeal for Pan Arab unity. But the Arabs and the U.S. can at least agree that the Middle East needs independence, reform and economic progress. These were among the goals that originally fired the Nasser revolution in Egypt. Unfortunately, Nasser soon found it easier to talk about foreign domination, at the expense of harder economic tasks at home. Egyptians will increasingly discover that they can't eat the Cairo radio. Arab nationalism and its "revolution of rising expectations" should have more to look forward to than mass rallies and a cotton crop mortgaged for Communist guns.

Here are three concrete proposals for honestly meeting these rising expectations in a framework of peaceful and orderly political development. The proposals deal with the Arabs not as separate countries but as people of a single and potentially united area.

1. Keeping the peace. No real reform can come out of an armed camp. To keep the area from becoming one, a real U.N. Middle East police force must take the field, with a strength of at least 15,000 men. It must be shown adequate to the job before we allow present U.S. forces to withdraw.

This force should have the task of checking borders in the Middle East. It should have air elements for reconnaissance over these borders, and to patrol air space as well. It should patrol borders between the Arab world and its neighbors, notably Turkey and Israel, and also between existing Arab states. This would leave these states free to negotiate peaceful and voluntary border changes—but not by use of force—as well as internal political

changes. The U.N. police might also assume the job of monitoring radio broadcasts, at least to the point of reporting to the Security Council any advocacy of assassination or armed rebellion. Its contingents should come from the small powers. Once established as a force in being, the U.N. police will find other peace-keeping chores in the Middle East.

2. Resettle the refugees. The cancer of the Arab refugee problem can no longer be ignored, or left in its current impasse. Israel must both receive a considerable portion of these refugees (at least 100,000) and make adequate compensation to the rest. Once Israel undertakes its moral obligation, the ice will be broken and the U.S. can help, with money and diplomacy, to complete the resettlement of the majority in other Arab lands.

3. Oil and economics. Great Britain and Europe have a vital and legitimate interest in a steady flow of oil from the Middle East; so do its Middle Eastern owners in its steady sale. Both therefore require the political stability that will assure this traffic for years to come. Pipelines cannot be built and maintained perpetually by bayonets. The need for oil and the need for stability both argue the need of a new over-all oil treaty, fair not only to the owners, producers and customers, but to the people of the area as well.

The U.S. should stand ready to sponsor negotiations, among all legitimately interested parties, for a new deal in Middle Eastern oil. This will probably mean a change in the present contractual split, though not in long-recognized basic principles. The late Iraqi government, for example, recognized the interests of the Iraqi people by a good program of na-

tional development based on its oil income. Kuwait and even Saudi Arabia do not spend *all* their money on Cadillacs for sheiks. But an oil split that hopes to seem as equitable in 1970 as in 1958 must take account of Pan Arab feeling and acknowledge that all Arabs have a legitimate claim on some part of this huge regional resource.

To recognize this claim, a part of the oil revenues should be given to a new U.N. Middle East Development Agency. The Middle East is an economic unit whose central problem, water, knows no national boundaries. The new U.N. regional agency should allocate its development funds—including its new oil revenues—roughly by population rather than by countries (thus furnishing an interesting test of the oil-bearing Arabs' true regard for Nasser's populous but oil-short republic).

To put the new agency in business, the U.S. and Russia should contribute equal amounts of its founding capital—say \$150 million each—with lesser sums from other major powers. If this proposal recognizes Russian interests in the Middle East (and they are there), it ensures that these interests are not manifested in terms of MiGs over Cairo, machine guns in Yemen or tanks stockpiled in Syria.

Such a program would do three things. It would reinforce the long-standing U.S. commitment for independence, stability and economic progress in the Middle East. It also would put this commitment in genuine alliance with the force of Pan Arab nationalism (which the Soviets now exploit but which they will oppose when they cannot control it). And it would contest Nasser's attempted monopoly of this Pan Arab force, by shifting the focus of Arab hopes from Cairo to the U.N. The Pan Arab "nation," if and when it comes to pass, is going to have to live in the real world with other free nations, and it should be encouraged in the art of getting along with them now.



"You fellows aren't going to put it back
Just like that, are you?"

"Any corn flakes please the master...
as long as they're
Post Toasties™"



Whatever the boss says goes when it comes to corn flakes—because he knows that Post Toasties happen to be "just a little bit better." Something to do with sweet corn flavor. Serve yourself some, and see!



"ALL POST CEREALS HAPPEN TO BE
JUST A LITTLE BIT BETTER"



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The Breakfast Foods of General Foods

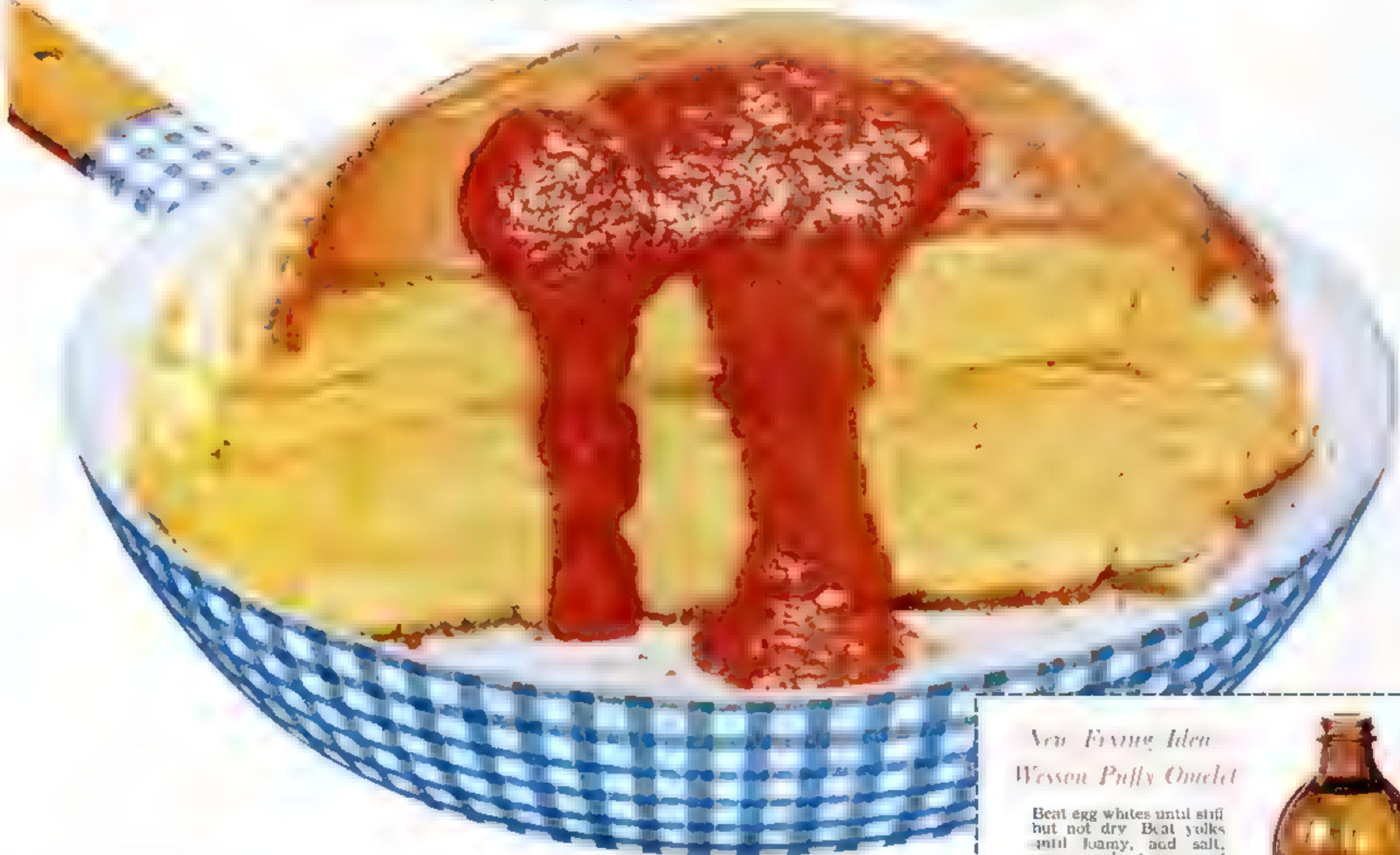
Wesson Oil

takes the smoke out of frying!



SOLID SHORTENINGS SMOKE BECAUSE
they contain an emulsifier. This additive is good for baking, but smokes at frying heat. Shortening that smokes is breaking down, and that can hardly be good for you.

WESSON OIL DOES NOT SMOKE BECAUSE
it is vegetable oil in its purest form—nothing added. So clear and delicate, you never taste it. No other oil as fresh, as pure and as light—or more highly rated for good nutrition.



Smoke's out! Flavor's in!

Enjoy cleaner frying with no clinging odor

Brighter flavor in foods—no greasy film even after they've cooled

Thrifty, too—you can use Wesson again and again

For good nutrition—Wesson is America's most readily available source of pure vegetable oil—unsaturated and unhydrogenated.

New Frying Idea *Wesson Puffy Omelet*

Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Beat yolks until foamy, add salt, pepper and a teaspoon of muck for each egg. Fold yolks into whites. Cover bottom of heavy skillet with Wesson Oil, heat. Cook eggs *very slowly* 15 to 20 minutes until done but slightly moist on top. Cut omelet in half, fold. Serve with heated tomato sauce, such as Hunt's.





ON PARADE FOR BASTILLE DAY, MAROON-BERETED FRENCH PARATROOPS PASS BETWEEN BIG HOLIDAY CROWDS THAT LINE BOTH SIDES OF CHAMPS-ELYSEES

A FRENCH DISPLAY OF UNITY AND EXUBERANCE

Under a bright summer sun, with a smart military parade clicking down the Champs-Elysées, Paris exuberantly celebrated its most optimistic Bastille Day (July 14) since the Liberation. For years the anniversary of the 1789 assault on the Bourbon prison had been dampened by political decrepitude at home and war losses abroad. This time the problems were not all gone, but there was fresh hope in the air. Parisians proved it with balls, fireworks, dancing in the streets and rippling Gallic smiles.

General de Gaulle, the creator of this popular mood, exploited Bastille Day to advance his program for Algeria. He brought 6,000 Algerian Moslems to Paris for the holiday in order to stress the theme of Moslem-French friendship. They paraded, too, and traded words of goodwill with the French at a ceremony before the Hôtel de Ville (next page). Despite continued fighting in Algeria, it was an attempt to show that the liberties Frenchmen associated with Bastille Day are coming closer for Algerians.

BLUE-UNIFORMED ALGERIANS WHO SERVE WITH FRENCH ARMY ARRIVE IN PLACE DE LA CONCORDE AND STEP SMARTLY PAST THRONG OF CHEERING CIVILIANS





NATION'S LEADER. General de Gaulle salutes aboard ship during Bastille Day review of naval vessels on the Seine. Earlier he had attended a Paris ceremony

Bastille Day CONTINUED



LOYAL MOSLEMS brought from Algeria by a special train to Paris to take part in the Bastille Day march in Paris. They were brought in to encourage the

BEFORE PARIS HOTEL DE VILLE (CITY HALL) GARDE REPUBLICAINE LINES UP WHILE DE GAULLE MINISTER ANDRÉ MALRAUX (RIGHT) DISAVOWS COLONIALISM



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Dial works wonders for your complexion.

Just as it does in your bath. The very same ingredient that destroys odor-causing bacteria *also* sweeps away skin bacteria that make complexions misbehave. Wonderful Dial!



Aren't you
glad you use
Dial Soap!



Now in pink, green, blue, gold

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WHEN BROKE, KNEW THE SMART THING TO DO,
WIRED HOME IN A FLASH
"TELEGRAPH ME SOME CASH
THE RENT ON MY MINK COAT IS DUE."

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

TELEGRAPHIC
MONEY ORDERS

to add glamour
to hamburgers



Recipe for compliments... at about 1¢ more per serving! Mix at least 1 Tbsp. A 1. Sauce with each pound of ground meat, add 1 tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. pepper. Cook patties as usual. Pass more A.1. when you serve them... and prepare for applause!

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Bastille Day CONTINUED

REWARDS FOR DUTY IN ALGERIA



HONORED GUESTS in Paris are key men in the Algerian crisis: General Raoul Salan (left) wearing new Médaille Militaire, France's highest military decoration, and just promoted paratrooper, Général de Division Jacques Massu.



SPECTACULAR FIREWORKS, which are as traditional for French on Bastille Day as they are for U.S. on the Fourth of July, light up Notre Dame cathedral in the heart of Paris and a bridge in foreground which crosses the Seine.

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She used to think satellites were

It's tough enough for a girl to know what makes a man tick, much less a man-made moon. So my "be-up-on-the-satellite" program never got off the ground... till I let LIFE take over.

LIFE really turned science fiction into fact for me... made me realize just what the race for space consists of and why it's important. Imagine me understanding anything about rocket fuels and space flight. I really do now that LIFE's picture "primer" explained them.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING PENN

over her head

—from Moscow, Cape Canaveral, Washington—give you the whole picture in great pictures—week after week.

Got me pretty stirred up.

That's the LIFE way. Whether the subject's science or politics, education or entertainment, LIFE gets you excited about it, talking about it, wondering whether there's anything you can do about it. No wonder everywhere you go, everybody's always bringing up some article from LIFE.



Speediest camera, speediest picture reports. LIFE moves fast—with equipment like the high-speed camera installed in the nose cone of a rocket ...with action like the aerial relay race (Moscow—Copenhagen—New York—Chicago) that put films of the Sputnik-happy Soviets on press in 48 hours. Five editorial departments, seven writers, four editors, sixteen reporters made LIFE's 24-page report a feat of depth and accuracy as well as speed.

understanding ... so swiftly, so surely

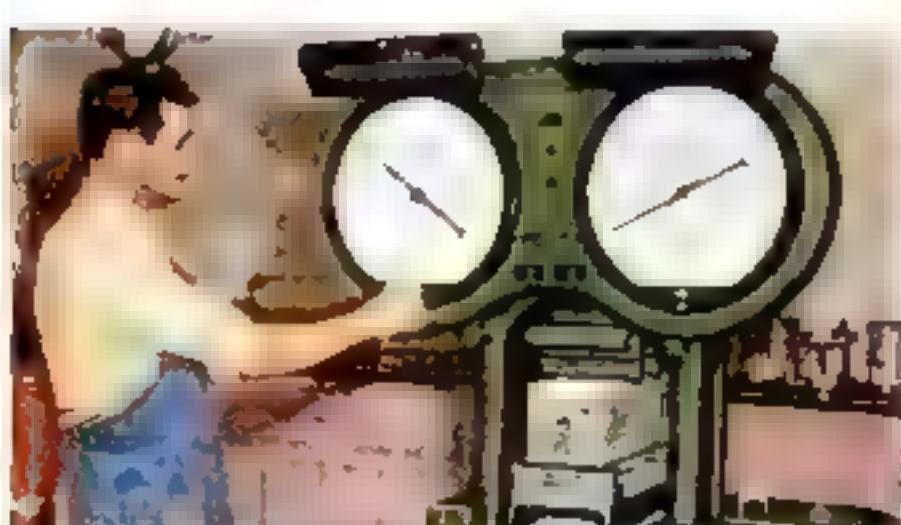


New-type concrete is the preferred pavement for the new 41,000 mile Interstate System



"I get a kick out of driving the new-type, sound-conditioned concrete. It's mighty relaxing!"

Says **GEORGE (Birdie) TEBBETTS**, famous Manager of the Cincinnati Redlegs



Concrete gains strength year by year—up to 20% the first 5 years. Flexural strength tests prove only concrete gives this durability "bonus."

"You ought to drive it soon. This is continuous-laid concrete, so you won't hear a single thump. There's a smooth, solid 'feel' to it the experts say will last 50 years and more. That's why they're using concrete on the Interstate System."

Smooth and quiet—the way you like it! You almost seem to ride *above* the pavement when you travel new-type concrete.

America's finest highway engineers helped plan it that way. They're going to give you more and more pleasure-filled miles of it each year.

You'll find no joints here—so there's never a thump. Tiny, *sawed-in* cushion spaces are used instead. You don't feel or hear them.

Moreover, this pavement is laid *flat*—really flat. And a specially designed subbase will keep it like that for an expected life of 50 years and more.

Surface roughening, due to freezing or the winter use of de-icers, just can't happen. A unique process, called "air entrainment," traps billions of tiny air bubbles within the pavement to prevent this.

On new-type concrete, you always feel so extra safe. You *know* the grainy surface, wet or dry, resists skids . . . helps you stop in time. The light color lets you see far better at night.

Note to taxpayers: Only concrete can be precisely engineered to expected traffic loads. First cost is moderate . . . and upkeep costs run as much as 60% less than for asphalt.

NEW-TYPE
Concrete

PORLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete

THE LADDS

Packing all their worldly belongings, Alan Ladd and his son David, in the film *Proud Rebel*, arrive on horseback in Illinois looking for a doctor to cure the boy's muteness. David, who has a pony of his own in real life, had no trouble with his riding scenes.



Bright Chips Off Old Blocks

Like other fathers the world over, Hollywood stars often have sons who want to follow professionally in the old man's footsteps. More often than not, the youngsters are not up to the mark, but this summer three new father-and-son teams—the Ladds, Lewises and Mitchums—have made their debuts in movies that do credit to both generations.

Youngest and most impressive of the lot is David Ladd, aged 10, playing the son of his father, Alan Ladd, in *Proud Rebel*. In the film, David

is a mute who lost his speech during the Civil War, and rides across the country with his father and a dog looking for a doctor to cure him. Despite these ingredients of a routine tear-jerker, Producer Sam Goldwyn Jr. has made *Proud Rebel* an engaging film which was selected to be shown at the Brussels World's Fair. Boning up for his role, David went to a deaf-mute school to learn sign language, and was paid \$10,000 for his first movie. Out of this he got 35¢ a day for candy and other necessities.

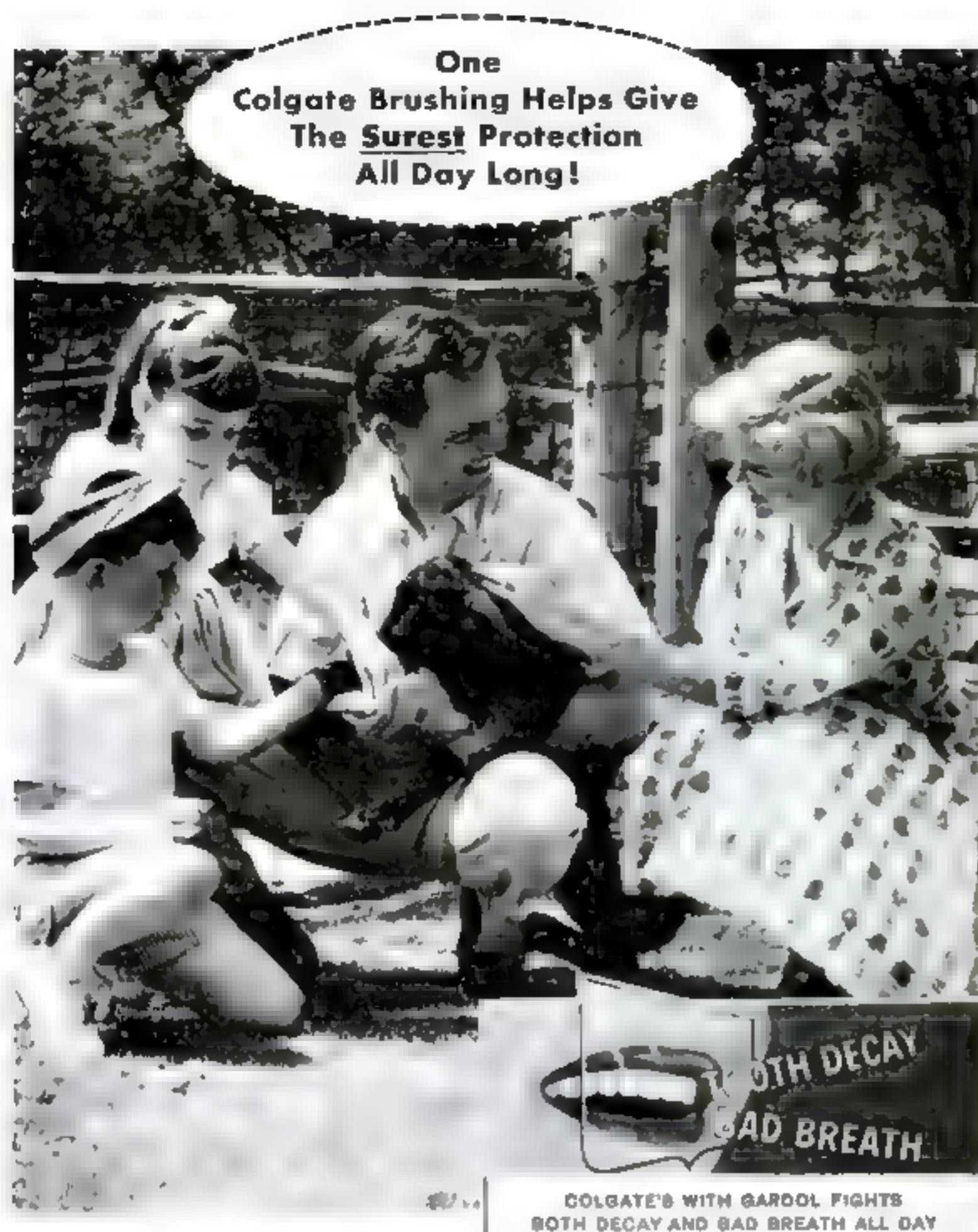
LADD SR. CLOBBERS A BAD MAN WHO TRIED TO STEAL HIS SON'S SHEEPDOG



LADD JR. FIGHTS WITH TWO JEERING BULLIES FOR CALLING HIM A "DUMMY"



MOVIE SONS CONTINUED

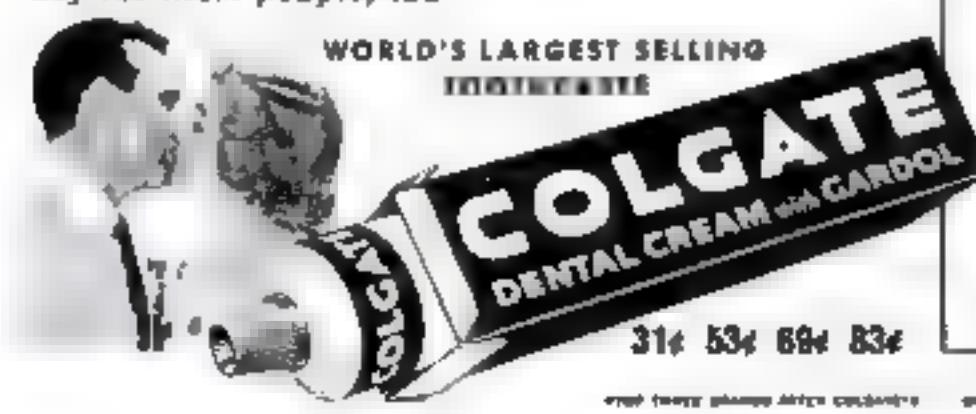


FIGHT TOOTH DECAY WITH COLGATE'S WHILE YOU STOP BAD BREATH ALL DAY!

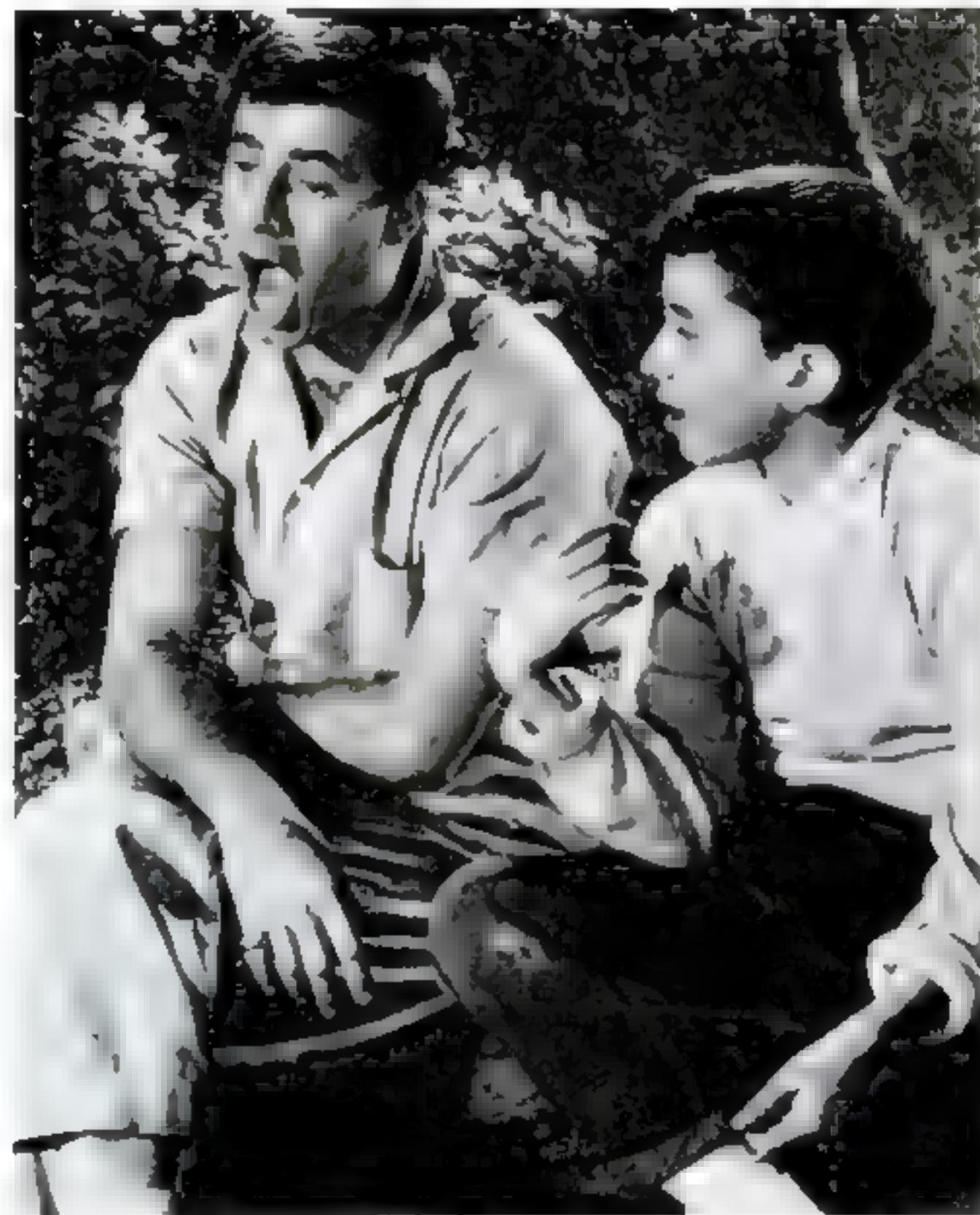
Brushing for brushing, it's the surest protection ever offered by any toothpaste! Because of all leading toothpastes, only Colgate Dental Cream contains Gardol!

**FIGHTS BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY—
WITH JUST ONE BRUSHING!**

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is backed by published results of 2-year clinical research on the reduction of tooth decay. And of all leading toothpastes,* only Colgate's contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . helps stop decay with just one brushing! One Colgate brushing stops mouth odor all day for most people, too!



CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH



THE LEWISES In *Rock-a-Bye Baby*, Jerry Lewis sings a duet with 13-year-old son Gary. The song, called *The Land of Tra-La-La*, is part of scene in which Jerry recalls his early youth. Gary, who mimics his father singing, represents Jerry as a boy.



THE MITCHUMS Robert Mitchum's son Jim, 16, plays his father's young brother in *Thunder Road*. Here Robert, who drives moonshiners' trucks, tells his brother, a mechanic, to keep truck in shape. When Robert gets killed, Jim gets his girl.



"Aw, come on fellas - smile!"



You can take the happiest snapshots ever—in color! Use Kodacolor Film in your present camera...this weekend

You're in for a treat when you see your very first Kodacolor snapshots

Right from the start, you get color pictures so exciting, so natural-looking—they seem to come to life before your very eyes! And the color is there just as real as you remember it. You can have brilliant enlargements made, too, as big as 11 x 14 inches.

See Kodak's "The Ed Sullivan Show" and "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet."

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Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values... better tire care... convenient credit terms.

New family protection...
...and more

No more



**NEW CAPTIVE-AIR STEEL-CORD
SAFETY SHIELD**

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MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES

revolutionary safety principle that can mean:

roadside tire changing!

New Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield lets you drive...on air...for 100 miles or more in the event of a puncture or blowout!



Designed to end blowout worries! Only the air in the outer chamber escapes in the event of a blowout. Reserve air inside the nylon-and-steel "inner spare" supports your car safely!



Designed to end puncture worries! This new Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield acts like a suit of armor—actually bends nails! You drive safely on...on air.

Shield fits two great Goodyear tires—the new Double Eagle and the new Nylon Custom Super-Cushion.

Both are made with triple-tempered 3-T Nylon Cord (a Goodyear exclusive) to give you a rugged *first line of defense* against all road hazards.

Goodyear tires with this incredibly safe tire-within-a-tire principle are now original equipment on some of America's finest automobiles. Aren't they the tires for your car—especially if your wife or children drive?

They're at your Goodyear dealer's now. Liberal allowance for your present tires. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

Now you pick the place for repairs—not your tires! Goodyear's new Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield is actually an inner spare. It is so strong—so safe—that it fully supports the car in the event of a puncture or blowout.

This nylon-and-steel built-in spare lets you drive 100 miles or more, if necessary, to a service station.

Proved in 3 million miles of driving. Taxi fleets equipped with this revolutionary new safety principle drove 3 million miles with only 4 roadside delays. That's only one tire change for the equivalent of 30 trips around the world.

The Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety

Goodyear gives you a spare where you need it—in the tire that's on the road!

• THE BLUE CIRCLE OF SAFETY

means that these tires can be equipped with the new Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield at moderate extra cost.

3-T
NYLON
DOUBLE
EAGLE



3-T
NYLON CUSTOM
SUPER-CUSHION

GOODYEAR

GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!



Captive-Air, Double Eagle, Super-Cushion, T.M.'s,
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CLEAN . . . CLEAN . . . CLEAN . . .

That's the taste you get when you make your Gin 'n Tonic
with clean-tasting **FLEISCHMANN'S GIN**

A clean-tasting Gin 'n Tonic is neither flowery nor sweet. It's crisp, bright and exhilarating. It does for your taste what a fresh, white dinner jacket does for your morale on a wilting summer evening. To achieve *that* kind of Gin 'n Tonic, you *must* use a clean-tasting gin such as Fleischmann's! Famous Fleischmann's is the driest gin

made on this earth. Its flavor is clean, crisp, even a bit austere. Some people actually like to sip Fleischmann's thoughtfully from a brandy inhaler, the better to savor its smoothness. Be that as it may, you will find that Fleischmann's Gin adds a touch of genius to your Gin 'n Tonic this very evening. (*And, of course, to your Martini.*)

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FASHION



MALE REPORTER VIEWS HIGH-WAISTED EMPIRE DRESSES AS OTHER FASHION EDITORS FILE COPY IN PRESS ROOM

Alone in Women's World

After a spring when most men from taxi drivers to loungers at the local country club had their say about women's clothes it was inevitable that a male newspaper editor should show up to cover New York's fall shows. Thus month, along with 207 female fashion reporters, crew-cut six-footer Richard Cobb, 38, a former police reporter on the Norfolk (Va.) *Virginian Pilot* and now its women's page editor, attended 50 dress showings, filed two stories daily on what he saw and what he thought about it. At the outset Cobb thoughtfully provided his readers with a glossary of terms, e.g., "A hell skirt looks exactly like

a bell—the wearer's legs are the clapper." After the first showings in which waistlines "snuggling up under the bust" and knee-length skirts predominated, he admonished, "Ladies, you'd better start training. There's going to be a lot of you showing this winter." Although sympathetic with the average woman's figure frailties ("the models looked pretty but not human"), he actually came to like the high-waisted, short-skirted clothes *vs.* the controversial chemise. "The high-waisted or Empire (pronounced om-peer or em-pyre) silhouette," says Cobb, "makes women look like women instead of elongated billboards."

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NEW SWITCH SPOUT!

The fastest way to fill your lighter.
No tip to pierce or cut.

FLIP OPEN
...to fill!
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STICK WITH

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(TRADE MARK)

TAPE AND GLUE

In **LIFE** next week, don't miss:
Part II of
"War and Peace in the Space Age"
by Lieut. Gen. James M. Gavin, USA (Ret.)
A veteran soldier recommends strategy and
tactics for America's survival in future wars.

Partners in CRIME

CHORE GIRL POT CLEANER	GOLDEN FLEECE FLEXIBLE SCOUR CLOTH
for hard-to-clean pots and pans • pure copper • no rust • no splinters • economical	
non-metallic • pliable • sanitary • rinses sweet and clean • economical	

AN EPIC JOURNEY ACROSS THE ANTARCTIC



DWARFED BY THE FROZEN VASTNESS, EXPEDITION S SNO-CATS MOVE ACROSS THE ROSS ICE SHELF, PUFFING VAPORIZED EXHAUST INTO THE SUB-ZERO AIR



A motorized British expedition makes the first land crossing of the continent

The white puffs of vapor materializing above mark the progress of a small convoy of vehicles across the worst wasteland on earth, frozen Antarctica. Overcoming tremendous hazards (right), the men inside these chugging, lurching Sno-Cats—the Commonwealth Transantarctic Expedition—became the first ever to cross the Antarctic continent by land. In exclusive color photos on the following pages *LIFE* shows highlights of their record voyage and interviews the man whose daring determination made success possible. Dr. Vivian Fuchs (left) the expedition's 50-year-old leader, is a British geologist who first met the world of ice at 21, exploring in Greenland. While setting up British bases in the Antarctic in 1948, he was marooned there for a year until a relief ship saved him. At that time he began to plan a crosscontinent journey that would vindicate the heroic but unsuccessful 1908 attempt of Sir Ernest Shackleton. Last year the British Commonwealth picked Fuchs's expedition as its major contribution to the International Geophysical Year. Keeping his team small (11 men) and his food light (pea flour, pemmican, butter and chocolate), Fuchs concentrated his scant \$1.4 million budget on the most advanced scientific equipment and the most reliable transportation available. Then, with Everest conqueror Edmund Hillary to help him from the other side of the continent, Fuchs readied his men for the crossing and tersely wrote in his journal, "We must and will do it."

LEADER OF THE TREK, DR. VIVIAN ("BUNNY") FUCHS

ANTARCTIC
EXPEDITION



CAUGHT IN A CREVASSSE, a snowcat straddles ice chasm. Crevasse had been hidden by layer of snow which broke under weight of vehicle. Driver stands in

center holding saw as aluminum bridges are maneuvered under snowcat's treads. With ropes the other vehicles then hauled snowcat across the bridges to safety.



STARTING POINT of trip was Shackleton (above). In sun's last rays before sunless winter, camp's huts and radio masts seem afloat in lake of orange snow.

EARLY HAZARD (below) met on trek was field of wind-eroded ice ridges called sastrugi. Four feet high, they blocked vehicles until way past them was found.





HOWLING HUSKIES (below) are chained to stakes in ice for evening rest. Seventeen dogs were used with sleds to reconnoiter for vehicles during first

half of journey, from Shackleton to the Pole. At the Pole they were air-lifted out because remainder of route had already been reconnoitered by Hillary.





BLINDED BY SNOW under snowless blue sky, expedition is caught by wind drift, a storm similar to dust storm in which winds lift snow from ground in dense gusts



as dangerous as a blizzard. Tents were pitched for overnight encampment. Flag, one of many the expedition flew, honors the Antarctic pilots of Royal Air Force.

ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION CONTINUED

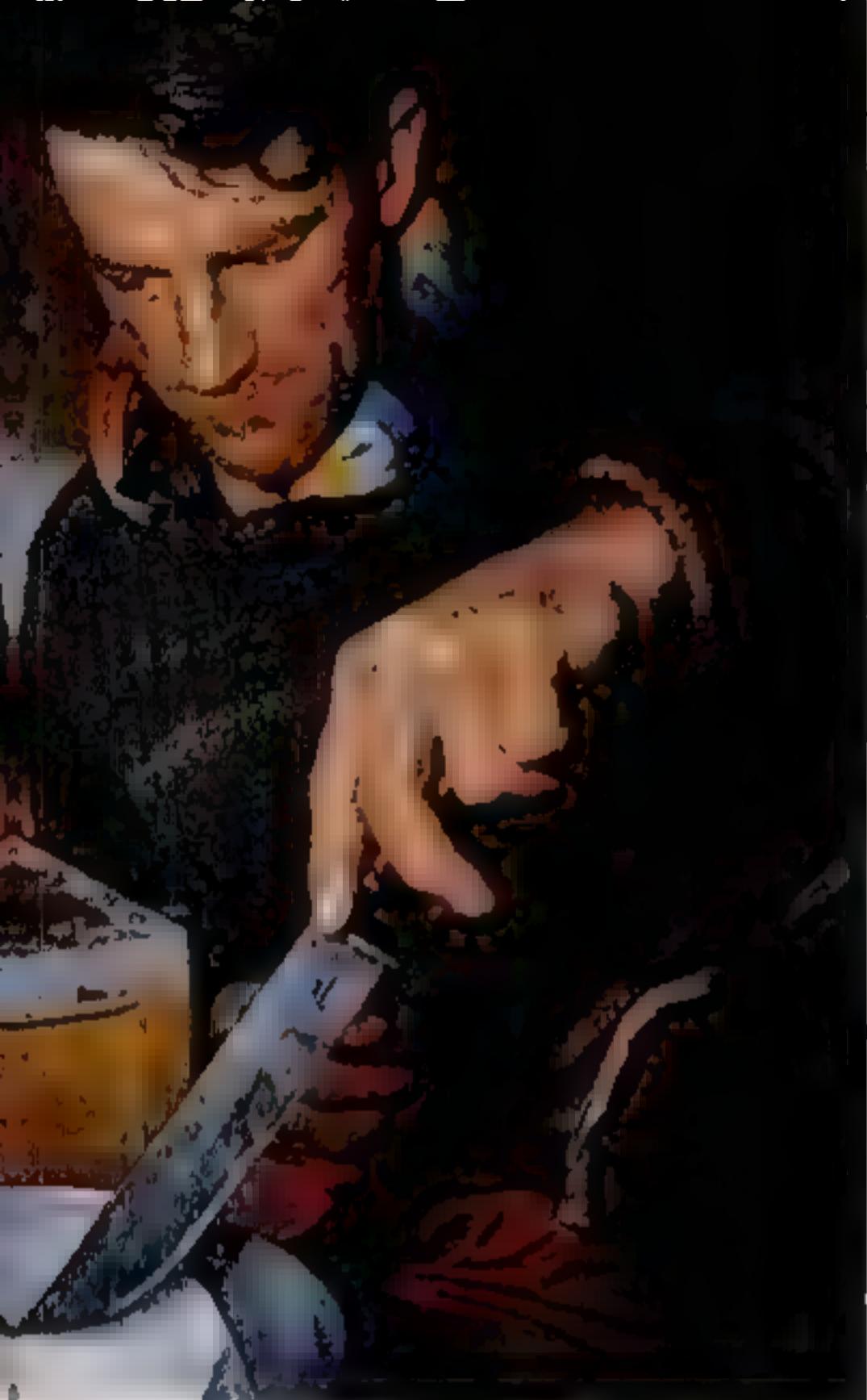
FORCES JOINED ON THE LAST LAP



LEADERS' HORSEPLAY finds Fuchs balancing on ladder held by Hillary at the supply depot where the two merged forces for last 700 miles of the trip.

TRIUMPHANT FINISH is celebrated with flares as two fuel-laden sleds, drawn by a snocat and flying Royal Navy flags, slide into Scott Base.





WEARY EXPLORERS. Fuchs (*left*) and Hillary, cut and melt chunk of ice for a drink in their tent

FROSTED FUCHS stands wind-burned at Pole, which is encircled with oil-drum markers (*rear*).



MEMORIES OF A TRAGEDY AT JOURNEY'S END



HONORING A HERO. cross stands on lonely hill above Scott Base. Erected in 1913, it commemorates Captain R. F. Scott, the explorer who used ponies to reach Pole in 1912, died on trek back.

AWAITING THE TRAVELERS. British supply ship *Endeavour* lies under a spectacular autumn sunset at McMurdo Sound near Scott Base. It carried the homebound expedition to New Zealand.





THIS EMBLEM IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION



Blue Bell - The Blue Bell Emblem

1 OUTFIT DOES THE JOB OF 3. Rugged for work, handsome enough for dress, made to give a man all the comfort he wants! Tailored in sturdy cotton twill that stays neat washing after washing. Pants have Sta-Fat leg seams for better looks and better fit. Shirt has deep pockets that hold a pen, pencil, even small tools. A wonderful buy at fine stores everywhere in khaki, green, gray. Sizes for boys, too.



BLUE BELL
Clothes for all the family



GRINNING EXUBERANTLY AT JOURNEY'S END, FUCHS AT SCOTT BASE ENJOYS FIRST GOOD MEAL IN 36 DAYS, TOPPED OFF WITH FESTIVE CAKE IN HIS HONOR

FUCHS TELLS HOW HE DID IT

Exclusive interviews with an undaunted explorer give the story of his trials

by ROBERT MANNING

EVERY PISTOLS wrote crayon slashes across the brilliant Antarctic sky and a hideous sound rent the white-bright silence. Assembled on a few hours' notice, its few legitimate instruments fortified by pots, pans, oil drums and whistles, a New Zealand band (with some Americans joining in) struggled with the tune of *D'Ye Ken John Peel?* It forsook that for a quick disintegration of *Anchors Aweigh* and then, confidence at full blare, tore asunder *God Save the Queen*. The 12 bearded men in whose honor the musical crime was being committed that afternoon last March rolled happily toward the sound in four snorting, grime-coated vehicles with caterpillar treads. Their iced beards came agape in broad grins and their eyes glowed with elation. That cacophony was the sweetest music any of them had ever heard. They had just completed a journey long dreamed of but never before made, a trek across the whole Antarctic continent. Now there was no sea or continent untraversed by man.

The magnificent failures of Scott and Shackleton decades ago have about them an aura of high drama that will forever elude this year's conquerors. But Dr. Vivian Fuchs and his fellow explorers completed their journey without the loss of a man, or even serious injury to any one

of the party of 12. They did it in 99 days, one less than the 100 allotted by Fuchs. And they made it look—from a safe distance—almost easy. Yet it was an epic journey in the most daring tradition of polar adventure. It was also a tribute to the meticulous planning and cool nerve of Vivian Fuchs.

His assault strategy had been misleadingly simple. First a base was constructed on the ice shelf near Vahsel Bay, in the Weddell Sea. It was named Shackleton. A year and a half ago, in February 1957, before the Antarctic winter of storm and darkness began to close in, Fuchs airlifted supplies, a shack and three of his party 250 miles south onto the Antarctic plateau. There the three dug in an advance base called South Ice.

South Ice was crucial. Unless and until the main party with its heavy vehicles and tons of supplies could negotiate the long rise of the ice shelf and get onto the plateau, the trek across the continent could not get under way. The route from Shackleton to South Ice was only 250 miles as the crow flies; as explorers went, it was to be more than 400 miles of danger and treachery.

During the next several months, in which equipment was conditioned



HISTORIC ROUTE. 2,250 miles long, took Fuchs from Shackleton camp to South Ice base, and then to Pole. Leaving some vehicles at U.S. Polar station, he pushed on to Depot 700. There Hillary, who previously had set up depots between McMurdo Sound and Pole, flew in and guided Fuchs to Scott base.

ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION CONTINUED

and modified and final plans were made, there was no relief from the glacier-press of time. More than the racking winds that kicked up blizzards and inhibiting drift and cold so intense that its touch on suddenly exposed skin "felt as though someone was pressing a hot iron against flesh," the party's enemy was the calendar. Open season for ventures across the Antarctic is short, and there is a time beyond which a leader dare not extend his stay.

Stretching dates for research and preparation as far as he could, Fuchs calculated that he would have to leave Shackleton by Nov. 14 at the latest if he were to complete his march before winter closed up the Ross Sea and sentenced the entire expedition to another winter on the ice. From Scott base across the continent, New Zealand's Sir Edmund Hillary, conqueror of Everest, who was supposed to move out and establish a base at least 700 miles from McMurdo Sound, went so far as to radio to Fuchs his doubts about the schedule: "I feel that I cannot keep dogs out at Depot 700 beyond Jan. 7.... While we do not know all your circumstances we feel here that Nov. 14 is rather late to start the trip... and will give you very little margin." Fuchs thought differently. And to guard against extra-long delays on the important stretch from Shackleton up to South Ice and the plateau, Fuchs proposed to lead a small "route proving" expedition with four vehicles. "Our preknowledge of the route," he told Hillary with what proved to be excessive confidence, "should enable us to reach South Ice in eight days, and once on the polar plateau with loads lighter through [fuel] consumption we should keep nearer to average 25 miles per day."

This confidence was quickly put to the test. On Oct. 8 Fuchs, Mechanical Engineers David Pratt and Roy Homard and Geophysicist Geoffrey Pratt set out with one Sno-Cat and three Weasels on the "proving trip" from Shackleton to South Ice. The scouting trip was to take a maximum of two weeks. If they were lucky it would take only eight days.

It did not work out that way at all. The terrain from Shackleton upward to the plateau 4,430 feet above sea level is something Dante might have conceived. It is a shelf of ice about 1,300 feet thick. On each side, pressing in like the opposite walls of a vast Edgar Allan Poe dungeon, are two glaciers, one 30 miles wide, the other 40, irresistible forces pressing against the movable surface of the ice shelf. As surely as a walnut cracks open at a nutcracker's squeeze, the ice surface cracks open

in long gashes, some of them huge and deep enough to house a cathedral. Treacherous crevasses lie beneath a seemingly innocent surface.

Soon after Fuchs and his three companions churned onto the ice shelf the expedition's major crisis began. One of the Weasels broke down only eight miles from Shackleton and had to limp back to base to be prepared for the main journey. On the third day out the vehicles hit crevasses, and hit them with a sickening regularity day after day, hour after hour. Low visibility, blizzards and whiteouts that brought with them the lost sensation of living inside a ping-pong ball struck in two- and three-day stretches, keeping the expedition's aircraft on the ground and sentencing the party to dubious choices of standing still or groping ahead without advance aerial reconnaissance.

But crevasses were their worst curse. "It was very uncomfortable," Fuchs says with his usual dry understatement. "When we first hit the crevasse area, we didn't know quite what we were up against. The crevasses got bad on the fourth day out. I was in the lead Weasel and one of the chaps said to me, 'You know, you're breaking a few holes.'

"How big?" I asked, and they said six inches or so. That was all right and we trundled on." But soon the holes were a foot long, then larger and then with a stomach-turning lurch Fuchs's Weasel and the two-ton sledge it was towing fell part way into a widening hole and stuck. Fuchs climbed out to warn the others, then looked back to discover that they, too, were in trouble. A crevasse bridge weakened by Fuchs's crossing gave way beneath David Pratt's Weasel and sledge, but his speed had carried him over. Timidly, Geoffrey Pratt in the Sno-Cat traveled a little to one side of the yawning hole and hit a stretch that held. But not far beyond, the second Weasel slewed sideways and heeled over into a crevasse opening that was large but providentially a foot or so too narrow to swallow the big machine. Fuchs was able slowly and precariously to ease his Weasel onto safe ground under its own power. It took both Fuchs's Weasel and the Sno-Cat, plus a couple of hours of delicate hawser-placing and angle-engineering, to pull the Weasel out.

"After this, we packed it in for the night," Fuchs's journal notes. "Clearly, with three near catastrophes in 300 yards, we have reached an area from which it will be wise to remove ourselves as carefully and as quickly as possible."

The ticklish art of prodding

THE trouble was, there was no earthly way for the three explorers to be both careful and quick. And so they evolved a way of progress that was built partly on elementary science, partly on faith. Experience suggested that when the ice and snow of a crevasse bridge formed a layer five feet thick or better, it would hold up for the passage of all three vehicles. So Fuchs instituted the art of "prodding," at which the men took turns skiing on ahead and poking long metal rods or ice chisels into the crust to determine its thickness.

One daylight evening at about 8 o'clock a typical testing of the prodding system took place. The party, which had already been beset with heavily crevassed terrain and two cave-ins, had progressed only half a mile, but seemed to have reached a safe stretch of ice. "Suddenly," Fuchs recorded, "a rumbling noise like underground thunder surrounded us. Then before our eyes two enormous holes, 30 to 40 feet long and 12 feet

CONTINUED



WARM WEATHER toward trip's start allowed men to sunbathe but weakened snow bridges over crevasses. Later temperature fell to 30° below zero.

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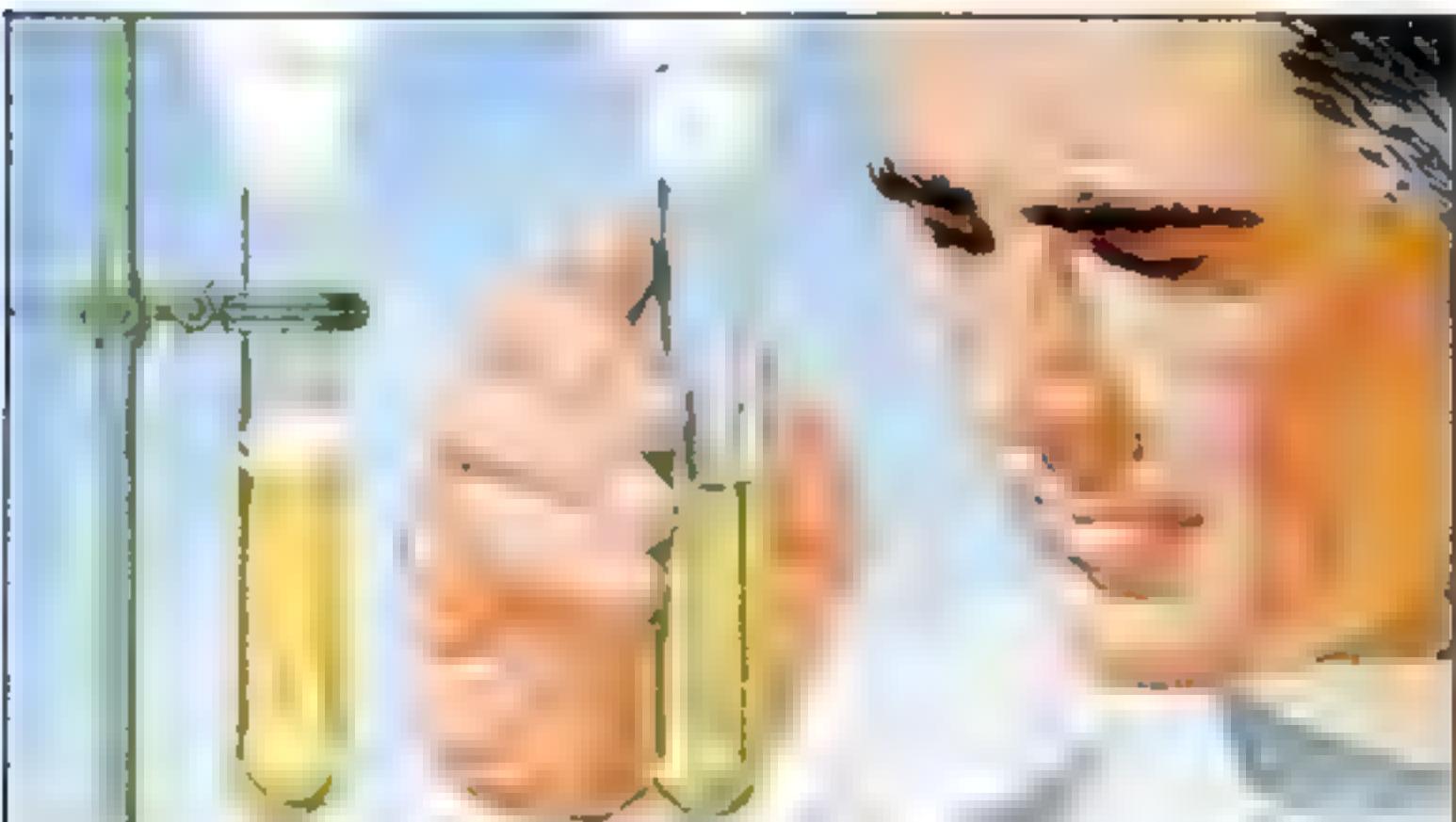


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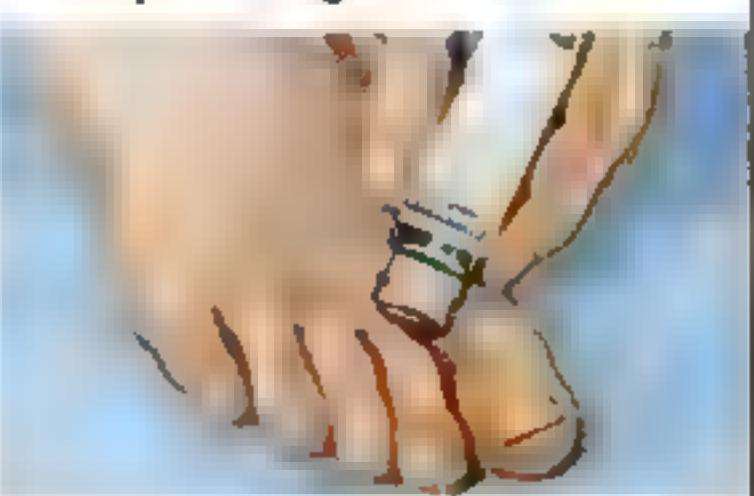
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ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION CONTINUED

wide, appeared on either side of the vehicles. Fortunately, where the prodded route passed between these holes the ice remained firm, thus confirming our investigation of it." The vehicles were waved on and "in spite of this tremendous collapse they were perfectly all right."

It took the route-provers another 22 days, 37 in all, to travel that miserable 250 miles. They had traversed in fact 425 miles, and a good 65 miles of that was intricate crevasse terrain. It had cost them one of the precious Weasels which had to be abandoned 100 miles from South Ice with a broken-down engine. And it had put them almost two weeks behind the schedule that even so adventurous a veteran as Ed Hillary had considered risky in the first place.

For all its frustrations the journey had told Fuchs important things (for example, the party had underestimated fuel requirements of the Sno-Cats and Weasels) and convinced him of the most important thing of all: he could bring the main party from the ice shelf up to South Ice's 4,000-foot-above-sea-level perch on the plateau. If God and nature would give him half a break in the terrain from South Ice to the Pole, he was certain that he could make the opposite side of Antarctica before winter closed in.

Flying back to Shackleton, Fuchs on Nov. 24 climbed into the cab of the lead Sno-Cat to begin the first land crossing of the Antarctic. This time, allowing for more vehicles and consequently more need for caution on the crevasse bridges, Fuchs reckoned to take 21 days for the trip to South Ice. He was wrong again. The heavier loads and increased hazards introduced by vibrations of the eight machines plunged them into trouble where previously there had been none, and this time, curiously, it was the bigger but lighter-treading Sno-Cats that broke through and the Weasels that did the rescue work. Despite a succession of mishaps, however, the party rolled into South Ice two days before Christmas. It had taken them 28 days, pushing the journey another week behind schedule. By this time, though, Fuchs's study of all the available aerial reconnaissance data showed there were no major obstacles between him and the Pole. If his machines could hold up through the 1,850 miles left to go, he could make it. "We...have negotiated the worst," he advised London.

So the expedition's crisis—the real crisis, not the phony one that blossomed later in the newspapers—was past. In spite of a rigorous scientific routine that took hours each night, and long stretches of bone-jarring, machine-wrenching travel over fields of *sastrugi* (wind-eroded ice ridges) that were like wavy seas frozen in mid-movement, the party was now able to move ahead with regularity. The explorers' chief concern became the durability of their vehicles, the preoccupation with scientific readings along the way, and the mental and physical abrasion inflicted by an unchanging routine.

Tolstoy on ice

It was a paradoxical mixture of overly strenuous work and unbreakable monotony, a monotony so complete that on occasions some of the men found themselves almost wishing for a bit of trouble. One member of the party said, "From South Ice to the Pole I read Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, and from the Pole to Scott Base I read *Anna Karenina*."

At the end of a day's march, usually about 10 p.m., a seizure of activity gripped the entire party. Before they could bed down, two or three of them had to hand-bore three-inch cores in the ice to depths of 36 feet, wherein they planted dynamite charges for next morning's seismic soundings, as well as Hal Lister's thermometers for overnight readings. It was a cold and blister-making job that took two to three hours. Geoffrey Pratt and others laid out a 320-yard network of delicate wiring for 48 Geophones to record the seismic evidence released by next morning's explosion. Johannes LaGrange set up weather-reading equipment. In rotation, two or three guinea pigs performed exhausting exercises and otherwise subjected themselves to the physiological experiments of Dr. Allan Rogers.

By the time the scientific work was finished, it was usually past midnight. Then, two-by-two, in partnerships that remained unchanged through the trip, the men went through the strange ritual of bedtime in the antarctic outdoors. Hal Lister, one of the few members of the Fuchs team who could be said to strain taciturnity to the point of talking several consecutive sentences, describes the rite with succinctness: "When work comes to a stop, the first thing is to get the tent up. One man is the inside man and the other the outside. The inside man spreads out the bottom cloths and then the outside man passes in two sheepskins and the two sleeping bags and, when they are unrolled, two sledge boxes—one filled with candles, matches, primus stove and so on, the other with food. Each food box has food for 20 man-days and weighs about 50 pounds gross."

"The first thing the inside man does next is to get the stove going, while the outside man fastens the guy ropes and chops blocks of ice

CONTINUED



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WEIGHING SNOW to determine its specific gravity, Engineer David Pratt and Glaciologist Hal Lister place snow cylinder on scales, record reading.

ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION CONTINUED

to place on the skirt of the tent so that it doesn't blow up or away during the night. Then the outside man says, 'Need anything else?' And then the inside man, if he is a good inside man, says, 'No. Come on in and get a cup of tea.' "

While this laborious process moved Fuchs across the plateau, Hillary and his men on the other side of the Pole were on the move too, unbeknownst to the Fuchs party. Even before Fuchs reached South Ice, Hillary had completed his mission to scout a 700-mile route from Scott Station toward the Pole, setting up four depots along the way. For several days Ed Hillary paced and fussed about Depot 700. Finally he fueled his three Ferguson farm tractors and pushed off to the south. On Dec. 26 he sent a message to Auckland and London: "Heading hell-bent for the Pole."

Hillary sped the last few hundred miles from Depot 700 to the Pole in nine days. His tractors were little different from the thousands that plow English farmlands. His caravan on arrival was down to its last barrel of fuel—a bravura stroke that enhanced the dashing casualness of Hillary's accomplishment and made Fuchs's progress seem even more slow and ponderous.

There was little for Fuchs and his men to do but swallow hard, congratulate Hillary and adopt the line that once Hillary had done his job with Depot 700 he was free to go on if he cared to. "This is no race," Fuchs said in a message to London the day Hillary reached the Pole. "Hillary and I are of the same expedition and we have work to do." And rumbled on.

It was harder to accept calmly the next big news. By radio Hillary told Fuchs that it looked as if the transcontinental expedition would not be able to make it before winter and long nights closed in. His advice was that Fuchs "winter his vehicles at the South Pole, that his party be evacuated by air, and that in November they fly again to the Pole in ample time to recondition their vehicles and complete their journey with full scientific progress. . . ." Fuchs read Hillary's message and said nothing. After a short time he told his second-in-command, Dave Stratton, what Hillary had proposed. "Of all things," said Fuchs to Stratton, "We can't even consider it." Stratton agreed, so Fuchs sent off his answer: "No."

Hillary, of course, had some grounds for his doubts. Fuchs was still a long, long way from home and was moving at a speed much too slow to get him to McMurdo Sound while the icebreakers could still get through. What is more, Hillary knew that the U.S. Navy team at the Pole, while it had not been asked, was laboring under the impression that it might have to tie up men and planes to await a possible call to rescue the Fuchs team should the weather imprison them.

Some say Hillary's warning put a spur to Fuchs. Fuchs says otherwise: he had passed the bad terrain when Hillary's message came in and he was already moving 30 miles a day, double his former pace. He decided to stretch the intervals between seismic readings from 30 miles to 50 and cut down pauses for the gravitational readings, weather tests and other research operations. Within two days he had

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BORING INTO ICE to place an explosive charge, David Stratton removes 36-inch ice core from boring barrel as Hal Lister holds long drill.



BLASTING DYNAMITE, scientists made seismic soundings every 30 to 50 miles to determine ice thickness and the continent's configuration.

ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION CONTINUED

traveled almost 100 miles and on Jan. 19 he made the Pole. Ed Hillary strode out ahead of the reception party, 26 men in all, to grasp Fuchs's hand. "Hello, Bunny."

"Damn glad to see you, Ed," Fuchs said with a smile, and any feud that may have existed melted then from public view.

For two days the travelers stoked themselves with hot food, scraped some of the peat moss off their hides and got their machines in shape for the trip that, they hoped, would prove the easier. To protect the "British character" of his expedition, Fuchs did not take on any fuel or supplies from the American base. His departure from the Pole on Jan. 24 was five days later than Scott's too-late departure had been in 1912. But he and his men were in excellent fettle, in mind as well as body. The weather was bad—an unremitting onset of 40-knot blizzards and severe white-outs. But the big question was the machines, now reduced by plan to four Sno-Cats and the last Weasel. The men would hold up but would the metal?

In the first days out Fuchs averaged 35 miles a day. On the sixth day the exhaust pipe of one of the Sno-Cats sprang a leak. Geoffrey Pratt, bumping along unmindful of it, grew drowsy; a short while later he was found unconscious from carbon-monoxide poisoning. Dr. Rogers shouted for a tank of oxygen from the welding equipment and piped it into Pratt. In a few minutes he was brought around. The hardiness of the welding oxygen had saved Pratt's life, but in the rarefied atmosphere of some 10,000 feet his system would need more oxygen than it was getting. Fuchs contemplated having him flown out but settled on a happier solution. From McMurdo Sound two U.S. Navy Neptune planes, one of them carrying a British doctor who by coincidence had made a special study of monoxide poisoning, flew over and dropped oxygen to the Fuchs party. Over the radio Rogers and the airborne doctor consulted on procedure, and within a matter of hours Pratt was healthy enough to travel on. This, and a bad cut on Jon Stephenson's hand before the main journey began, proved to be the only casualties of the expedition.

Thanks to Pratt's quick recovery the party was able to maintain its faster clip. The expedition experienced many hardships and emergencies after that, but for all its trials, the second half of the trip was a relative breeze—or, as Ed Hillary put it, "a piece of cake." The party made the journey to Depot 700 in 15 days. With Hillary to guide them they reached Depot 480 on Feb. 17 after one record day's run of 63 miles through a complete white-out in which, to bedevil them further, the magnetic field made their compasses go crazy. White-outs persisted, and so the party devised a system for driving blind.

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story in the
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of TV JUNIOR.



ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION CONTINUED

The driver of the lead Sno-Cat faced backwards (he could not in any case see anything forward) and drove parallel to a row of flags planted every tenth of a mile by two men being pulled on sledges behind him. Thus they followed the system of the Goofus bird, who went to where he was going by looking at where he had been.

On Feb. 27 they were only 180 miles from home, with an easy run on the ice shelf before them. Fuchs sent word ahead that he would reach Scott base on March 2 at 2 p.m. On March 1 he was only 25 miles away, but he decided to camp out on the ice shelf between White Island and Mount Erebus with its volcanic plume of steam wisping high into the ice-blue sky. On the 2nd Fuchs at last was able to turn the tables; he was under the wire a day before his scheduled 100 days were up. And when the four Sno-Cats rolled into the awaiting fansfare at Scott base they were 10 minutes ahead of time.

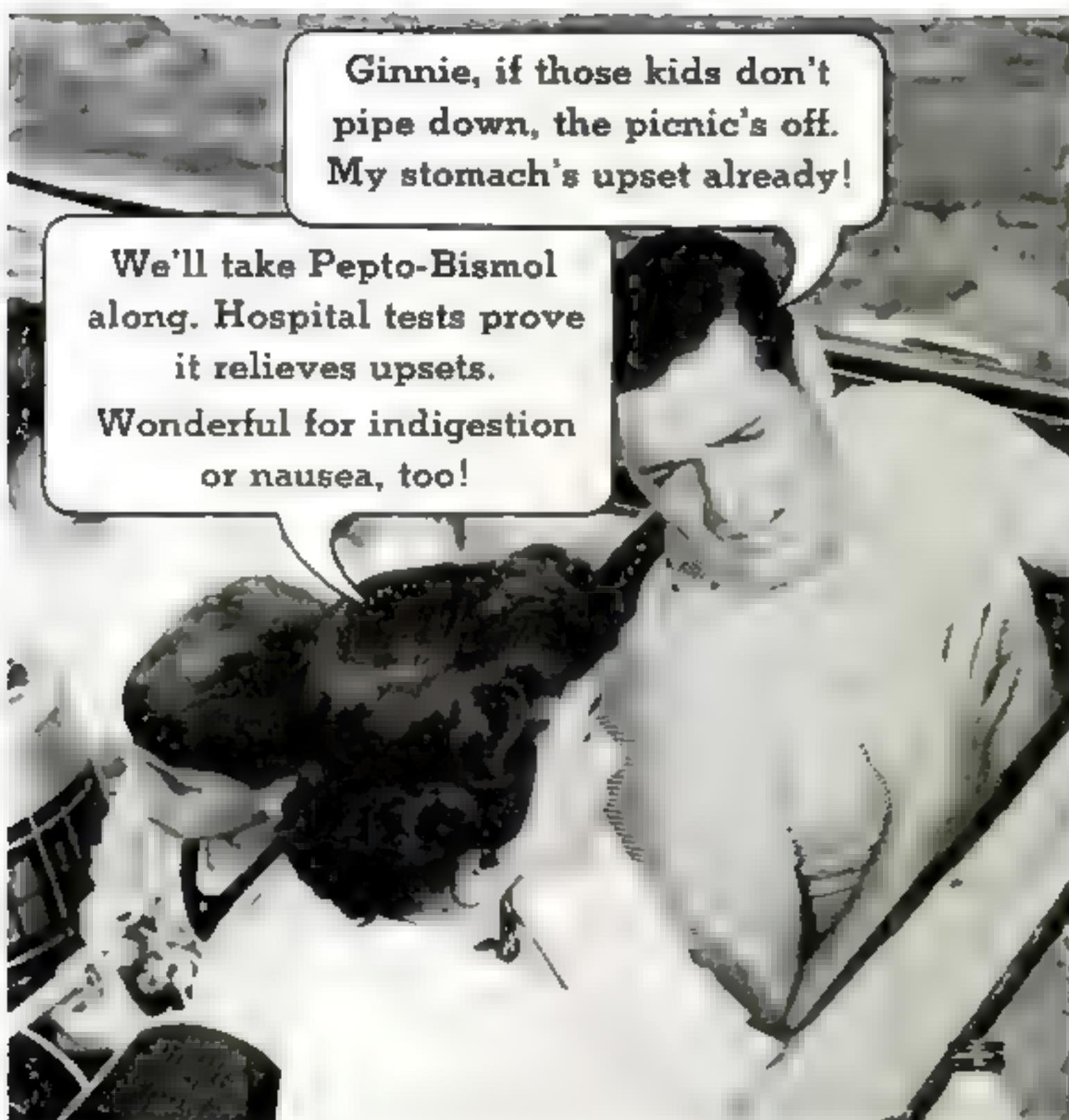
What had the long journey proved? Now, five months later, Fuchs and his men are just beginning to sift and sort and piece together the results of their laborious studies. It will be more months before all the results are known. Maps of the Antarctic will become more exact. The party brought back 600 or 700 pounds of antarctic rock to study. Stephenson's transcontinental studies of ice crystals and Lister's examination of the nature and ways of surface snow, while not original, should offer much to over-all knowledge of the Antarctic's one and only crop. Much was learned of the capabilities and limitations of machines in the coldest weather there is.

The most dramatic discovery was the proof brought back in the records of the party's day-by-day seismic soundings. These showed what many had long suspected but never known, that there is a single continent beneath the antarctic polar ice cap and it is land above sea level all across the route Fuchs traveled. Once they are checked out and adjusted, the records will show the undulations of the land beneath the ice; it ranges from about 1,000 feet above sea level to about 8,000.

For Fuchs and his men, newly arrived at Scott base after 99 days out on the ice and snow, the time had come to cease the scientific work for a bit and do a little rejoicing. That night there was caviar and champagne flown in "on the house" from London's Savoy Hotel and enough revelry to keep the penguins awake and perhaps to reach out to some of the albatross who ceaselessly, ghostily encircle the vast southern continent that lies hidden beneath the ice. Vivian Fuchs lolled in a hot bath, so sybaritically comfortable that his colleagues chose not to disturb him with the most important of the several hundred messages that came in. When Fuchs emerged, his steel-gray beard shaved off and a contented smile on his face, they showed him the message. Queen Elizabeth II had decided to confer a knighthood on Vivian Ernest Fuchs Esq., first to cross the last continent.



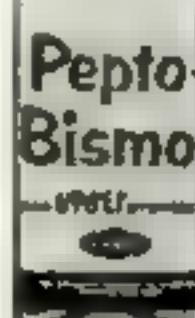
GREETED BY QUEEN, newly knighted Sir Vivian Fuchs bows to Elizabeth, in London when she attended his first public lecture after his arrival home. Throughout the Antarctic crossing Fuchs carried the queen's photograph.



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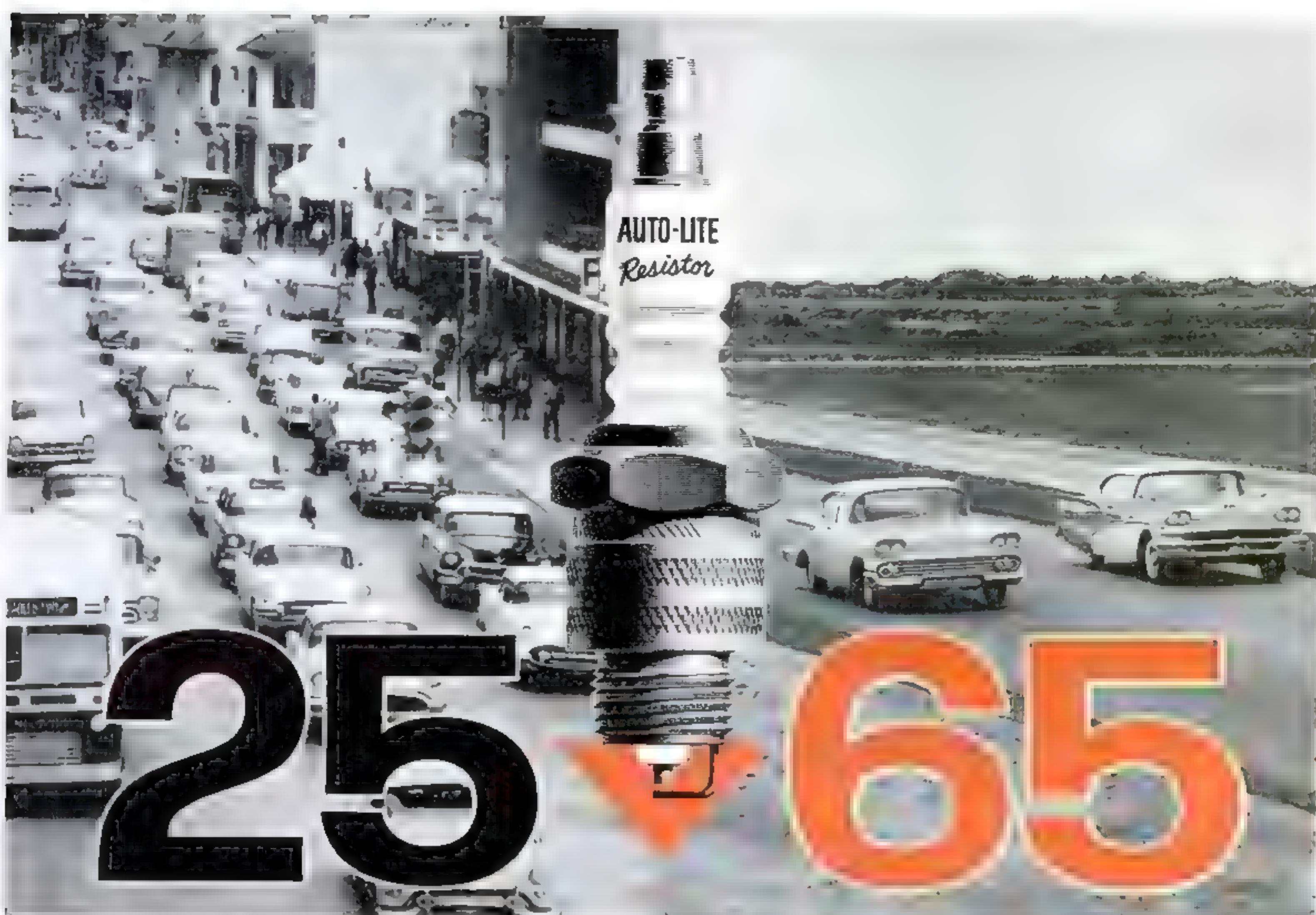
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WICK PARTNERS GLENNY WALT AND WATCH

GOLFERS'

Shorts, strange doings

Now that the ladies have completed their invasion of one of the male's last sanctuaries, the golf course will never be the same. Once a place where man went to exercise moderately, less heatedly and forget his workday woes, it has become a playground for an army of women and children in weird Las and Bermudas shorts. The number of lady golfers in the U.S. has tripled since 1946. And even those exclusively male clubs, stern once haughtily barred, now ladies have grown accustomed to the lead-free, shattering sights on these pages.

The ardent golfists who still object to the sight of women on the course largely brought the invasion on themselves. Many women took up the game simply because they tire of being golf widows. The rising costs of golf also helped lower the bars to women. Husbands could no



GOLFING MOTHER, Nancy Becker, takes family to practice at Westchester (N.Y.) Country Club



TRIM-FIGURED GIRL DUFFER GOES INTO EAGER WINDUP ON TEE. MALE PARTNERS WERE ASSIGNED TO PLAY WITH HER ON CROWDED PUBLIC COURSE

DOMAIN INVADED BY LADIES

decorate the fairways

longer justify the game's expense without including the whole family. And club treasuries need the money women willingly spend.

Now women take more golf lessons than men ("They learn better too," says one pro), spend more time and money on fashions, food and nongolfing fun at the club and take keen interest in the way the club is operated.

For all their concern with golf's fringe benefits, the women can be a determined lot out on the course. They pull the rule book on each other at the slightest pretext and can quote it verbatim. They know they can take charge of affairs in the clubhouse and their big goal is to play as well as their husbands. But of course this is the point where women in golf can go too far. "When I got as good as Harry," said one golfing wife, "he took up boating."

LADIES' DAY at Winged Foot (N.Y.) brings out gay array of golfing hats decorated by the wearers.

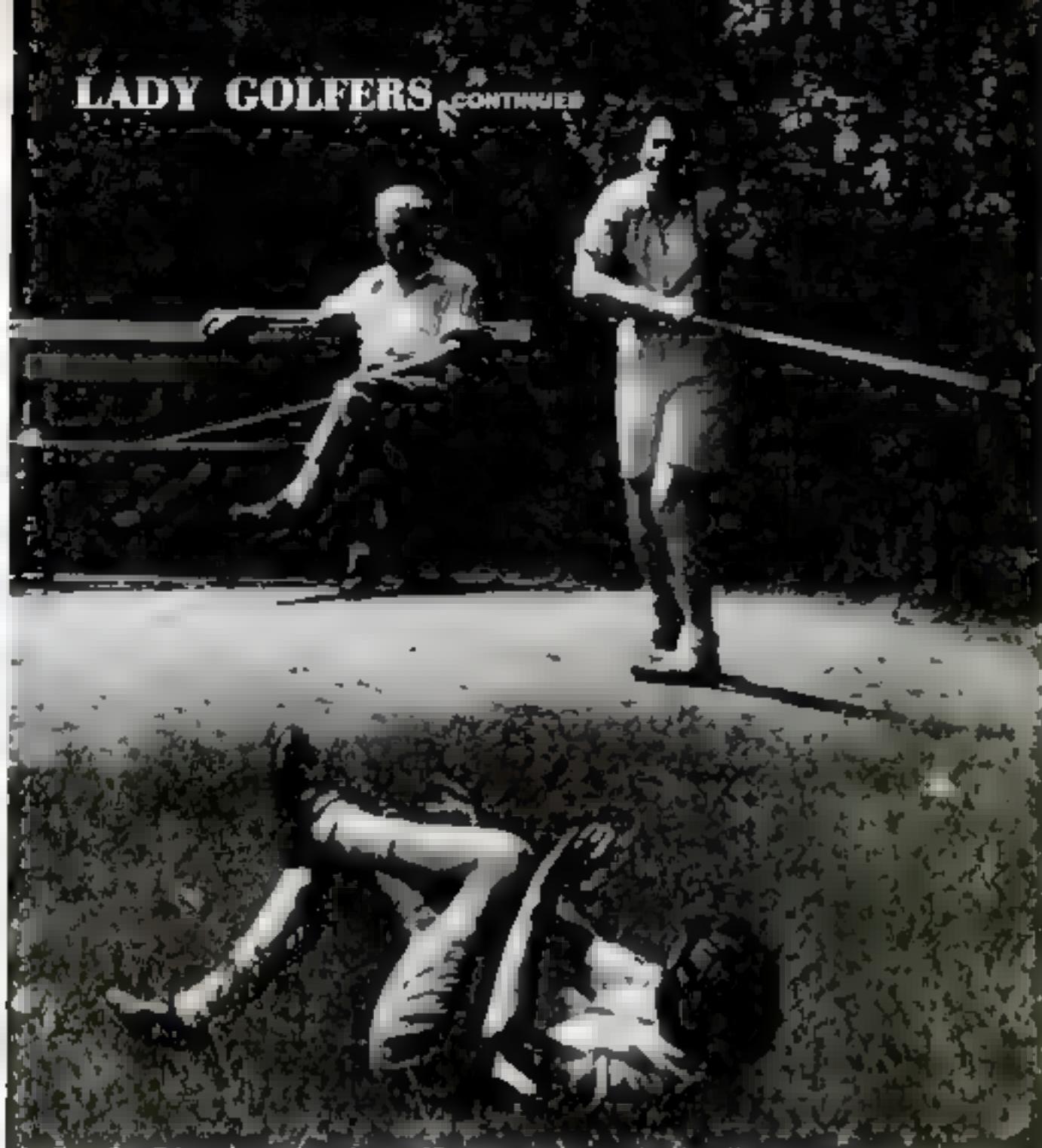


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LADY GOLFERS

CONTINUED



CLOWNING ON COURSE, Pauline Ries of New York City playfully hits pebbles and berries a hot partner, Janet Levine, taking a sunbath on the fairway



CLUBHOUSE JOKE over gaudy hat is enjoyed by ladies day golfers at Winged Foot. Club has cut into directors' room to enlarge ladies' locker area



◀ **ON GOLF DATE** Josephine Mallozzi walks hand-in-hand with Carmine Volpe at Maple Moor, White Plains, N.Y. The couple did not bother to keep score



WEARY LADIES at Brookville (I.O.L.) club share foot bath after a round. Brookville has 90 female members. "Every day is ladies' day here," one said.



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PART I

THE TRAGIC MISTAKES AND BICKERING



THAT UNDERMINED U.S. PREPAREDNESS

General Gavin tells of missile lag and lack of small-war capability

When Lieut. General James M. Gavin announced his retirement last winter, he touched off a blazing controversy over the state of U.S. defenses. As wartime commander of the 82nd Airborne Division, and later Chief of the Army's Research and Development, General Gavin proved himself both an audacious combat soldier and an imaginative military thinker. Now a vice president of Arthur D. Little, Inc. in Cambridge, Mass., he states his views in a new book, *War and Peace in the Space Age*, which Harper and Brothers will publish Aug. 11. LIFE presents articles adapted from the book, below and in next week's issue.

General Gavin's comments on limited war are particularly timely today. Last week he pointed out that the landings in Lebanon, successful as they were, may have sharply reduced our reserves elsewhere. And he cautioned, "We have got to be able to do better than that. It took us four days to get three battalion combat teams there, and they had no opposition. And if missiles had been used against the Marines and the Sixth Fleet they could have been in bad shape."

by LIEUT. GENERAL JAMES M. GAVIN

DECEMBER 13, 1957 was a cold and wintry day in Washington. As I looked from my office in the Pentagon toward Arlington National Cemetery, I could barely make out the white grave markers through the swirling snowflakes. On just such a day as this the 82nd Airborne Division in early 1945 had, under my command, launched its counteroffensive in the Battle of the Bulge. Near me, hanging on the wall of my office, was a picture of a soldier in that battle. He was running forward, wearing little equipment, carrying a submachine gun in one hand and ammunition magazines in the other. It was a moment of loneliness for him. He was doing what he knew had to be done and he was on his own.

I felt then as he must have, for momentarily I expected the phone to ring summoning me to appear before the Senate committee that was investigating our missile-satellite readiness. For the preceding four years I had been closely associated with both our missile and our satellite programs. I knew what we had done, and also what we had not but should have done. It was in the nation's interest that military officers be honest with ourselves and that we be frank with Congress. I was aware that the risks in being forthright were great, but the stakes were high. If, in a sense, it was to be a moment of no return, then the moment was to be welcomed for its challenge, and not avoided.

The phone rang. I was told that the committee was waiting for me at the Capitol. I called to my colleague, Major General Jack Daley, to accompany me and I remember saying to him as we went up the hall:

"Jack, this is just like going into combat. We have searched our souls for answers to our problems and we have made all of our preparations. Now we are going in."

For more than three hours I was before the Johnson committee. As the senators listened intently I outlined the Army's position in the nationwide argument over our country's defense, an argument which had been raging ever since the launching of the first Soviet satellite. Less than a month later—in January of this year—I asked to be retired from the United States Army. My decision was prompted partly by the serious implications of my testimony before the committee that day, but it had been on my mind for months. After much soul searching I had decided that the time had come when I could serve my country better by releasing myself from the restrictions necessarily imposed on the military and telling the American people directly what I thought was wrong with the U.S. defense picture. And there was a great deal that was wrong.

No longer does any nation enjoy the luxury of a shield of space or time. Take, for example, the "missile lag" situation. The missile-lag period, which we are now entering, is one in which our own offensive and defensive missile capabilities will lag so far behind those of the Soviets as to place us in a position of great peril.

For quite a few years the manned bomber has been the basis of our retaliatory policy. We have assumed that it has also been the main striking weapon of the Soviets. Now, however, the manned bomber is facing early obsolescence; it will become obsolete when surface-to-air missiles



LONELY SOLDIER of 82nd Airborne, in a picture General Gavin kept in his Pentagon office, faces action in Battle of the Bulge. Gavin felt the same sense of impending combat before his appearances at critical congressional hearings.

carrying nuclear warheads are on site in large numbers. Furthermore, while Russia even now has an intercontinental ballistic missile, several years will have passed before we have an ICBM capability of any significance. In short, we are now entering a missile-lag period in which the Soviets will have a steadily increasing ICBM striking capability which we will be unable to match for several years. We are in mortal danger and the missile lag portends trouble of a serious nature.

Not just the missile situation but errors in our over-all military policy portend trouble for the U.S., for they bring into question our very ability to wage war, particularly the kind of limited war that will confront us increasingly in the future. When I began my four-year tour of duty in the Pentagon in March 1954 as Assistant Chief of Staff for Plans and Operations, G-3, I looked forward eagerly to the opportunity that my new assignment offered. The Army was on the threshold of a revolution in tactics, weapons and organization. I did not know how much time the Soviets would give us, but if past history had meaning I knew that it was going to take a long time to reorganize the Army.

That such a reorganization was overdue had been painfully demonstrated by the Korean War. All our military thinking during the postwar period had been overshadowed by the atomic bomb. Because of this, Korea was for the Army a bitter and costly experience. When the North Koreans invaded, General MacArthur scraped together two companies of infantry and a battery of artillery and some supporting weapons and had the force flown to Korea. It was all that our limited airlift could transport. Thus the great might of this industrial nation, five years after the defeat of the Axis powers, could airlift no more than two rifle companies and a battery of artillery to meet six aggressor divisions. Of the United States' casualties in Korea, more than 96% were ground troops. Thus our well-known slogans about using machines to save manpower were brought to a paradoxical conclusion: our casualties were once again in the ground forces who were not expected to have to do much of the fighting. Neither our imagination nor vision in the years since World War II had given us a combat capability that would provide the technical margin of advantage that we needed in land warfare to win decisively and quickly. That we could have gained this margin of advantage is clear now. That we did not is the real tragedy of Korea.

There has probably been more critical comment, both oral and written, about Korea than any war in our history. Somehow the violence of the argument and the strong personalities involved have combined to obscure the fundamental problem. It was not whether or not the war should have been allowed to expand as our commanders in the field sought victory. The problem was that only total war could bring us victory because we had neglected to develop and provide the technical means of winning anything but a total war, a total nuclear war. Korea was not that kind of war, nor were we willing to make it that kind of war.

One frequently hears the expression: "We don't want another Korea." I do not know what the speakers mean by such a statement, nor am

CONTINUED



FAMILY WELCOME is given Gavin by daughters on return from work to home in a Boston suburb.



SURROUNDED BY HIS FAMILY, GAVIN SITS WITH HIS WIFE JEAN AND COLLIE AS DAUGHTER CAROLINE, 12,

GAVIN CONTINUED

I sure that they do themselves. I once heard Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson say, "We can't afford to fight limited wars. We can only afford to fight a big war, and if there is one, that is the kind it will be." If we cannot afford to fight limited wars then we cannot afford to survive, for that is the only kind of war we can afford to fight.

Both Korea and the Indochina crisis after it had one fundamental characteristic in common, one challenge that we must learn to meet if we expect to survive. They were both limited wars, in a limited area, so located as to make it difficult for either side to support military operations profusely. In neither was there a question of the war spreading, unless we had to make it larger because of our inability to win any other way. We should have had the tactical means to strike and win, swiftly and severely. And if in the postwar years even a small part of what we spent in preparing for a one-strategy general war had been spent in developing and procuring the means of dealing with limited war, we could have settled Korea and Dienbienphu quickly in our favor. Tactical nuclear missiles, sky-cavalry (highly mobile reconnaissance and shock troops)

and increased assault airlift can contribute decisively to that kind of operation. And as long as we neglect such developments we will be incapable of dealing with limited wars and we will be nibbled to death.

Limited war is a more highly specialized form of combat than global nuclear war, and we had better realize it and do something about it. It makes little sense to assume that, if you have the power to wage general war successfully, you can, by using a little bit of that capability, *ipso facto*, wage a little war. A thermonuclear-equipped B-52 can contribute little more to the solution of a limited local war than a 155-mm gun can contribute to the apprehension of a traffic violator.

To some, limited war differs from general war only in that general war lasts longer. This is not true. Limited war is limited in the objectives sought, the means employed and, usually, the area in which it is fought. Limited war may be of such protracted nature as to go on for many years, as Mao demonstrated in China. Furthermore, there may be several limited wars all going on at the same time. In fact, this is the most probable nature of future war. It will start with a slow, almost imperceptible transition from a bad economic and political situation into internal disorder. Arms will be provided by the Communists to the side they choose,



AT 12, IN CONFIRMATION PICTURE

"Be kitchin' with the treacle, Shamus," my mother said. For we were a poor family—perhaps not exactly poor, but certainly not far from it. And syrup was not too often on the table. When it was, it was molasses.

My mother, Mary Gavin, was typically Irish, given all too frequently to invoking the intercession of the entire Holy Family and all the saints while she lambasted me for some not too minor misdemeanor.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, where have you been, Shamus?"

"Oh, out."

"May the Lord have mercy on our souls, out where?"

"Oh, nowhere."

"Glory be to God, nowhere he says." Wham, and a resounding blow would descend on my anatomy.

The Gavins, my adopted parents [Gavin's mother

MEMORIES OF A SOLDIER: A HAPPY, DEVOUT

and father died before he was two.—ED.], and their relatives were settled in two small villages on the edge of Mt. Carmel, Pa., Dooleysville and Connorsville. As a group they were idealistic and emotional, and they took their patriotism for granted. They had strong views about most things and expected other people to have too. One of my earliest memories is of being impressed with the need to work.

I loved school, for there I had a chance to read books, and I somehow could not get enough. A real windfall came when I found an entire bookcase full of books in the back rooms of the First Presbyterian Church.

I was taken to the church by a friend, and as I looked at the bookcase, I hesitated for a moment. I had been brought up as a strict Catholic and I knew very well that God would strike me dead for even going into a



PUSHES CHLOE, 4, IN SWING. PATRICIA, 8, SWINGS HERSELF AND AILEEN, 6, CLIMBS UP TO WATCH



FAMILY SWIM in a local pond is enjoyed by Gavin, his wife and daughters Aileen and Patricia.

and sometimes which side they choose is not very important. They will throw out the original leaders and substitute their own, including their own revolution of the "proletariat" at a time of their choosing. Thereafter, sufficient force will be used until it no longer seems worth the West's effort to continue, or until the West is decisively defeated.

To cope with a Communist program of this nature requires good, imaginative strategic planning, as well as highly specialized tactical forces. The forces must be technically superior to anything that they encounter—decisively superior. Above all they must be highly mobile, but intelligence, communications and missile firepower all require special consideration. All of these subjects, in their relationship to limited war, have been slighted at best, and grossly neglected at worst, in our defense planning in the past 10 years. Hence the dilemma—how to keep from losing limited wars without preparing to meet them. It simply cannot be done.

So much was clear when I reported to the Department of the Army in 1954 for duty. But, far from being able to carry out the much-needed modernizing of the Army, I was met at once with the "New Look." The New Look was the Eisenhower administration's military policy based

upon increasing emphasis on our strategic retaliatory power at the expense of our so-called "conventional" forces.

The New Look was something to be reckoned with. It seemed contrary to all of our experience in NATO, where tactical nuclear weapons would in the future be required as much and perhaps more than strategic weapons. And the tactical employment of nuclear weapons implied quite clearly increased manpower requirements rather than a decrease. The thesis upon which the New Look was based was entirely wrong, or so it appeared to the Army. It placed the Army staff at once in a very difficult position *vis-à-vis* the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Secretary of Defense.

The question before us was whether or not, in defending the Army budget before Congress, we should agree to the basic philosophy of the New Look. To agree was to consent to many things other than the mere reduction of manpower and reliance upon strategic nuclear power that had brought us to the brink of disaster in 1950. It meant agreeing to less emphasis upon the development of tactical nuclear weapons. It meant closing our minds once again to the challenges of the land warfare of tomorrow with its implied need for long-range missiles, improved

CONTINUED

BOYHOOD, A RIGOROUS ARMY TRAINING

Protestant church. It took a few minutes to decide that my curiosity had to be satisfied. The books were very good, and just what I wanted—boys' books, and they had nothing to do with religion.

•

After leaving high school, I enlisted in the regular Army at the age of 17 and was assigned to Panama, where my first sergeant encouraged me to bone up for the West Point exams. After several months of hard study, I was admitted to West Point as a cadet on July 1, 1925. The first semester was a nightmare of work. The only way that I could keep up with it was to get up at 4:30 in the morning and study in the basement latrines. In December I passed my first-semester "writs" with a margin of safety. That was the turning point.

The U.S. Military Academy at West Point can make a

tremendous impression upon a young man. Cadets use the rooms once occupied by Grant and Lee, Pershing, Patton and MacArthur. The old chapel with the British colors taken in the Revolution, the statues, the forts and redoubts of the surrounding hills, all burn into the young minds and hearts one thing: Patriotism.

Cadets are taught to be honest and there is a resoluteness about their honesty. Once a matter is resolved into right or wrong, the right must be chosen, and always the harder right rather than the easier wrong.

It is no wonder that I loved the place as I did. I left determined to repay her, my Spartan mother, for what she had given to me. I went forth to seek the challenge, to "move toward the sound of the guns," to go where danger was the greatest, for there is where issues would be resolved and decisions made.



AS A WEST POINT FIRST CLASSMAN

GAVIN CONTINUED

radar and communications, vertical take-off-and-landing air vehicles and an increased Air Force troop-carrier airlift. To disagree was to be insubordinate, and yet many of us were convinced that to agree would only start our nation once again along the road to military disaster.

Whether or not we agreed personally, we had to defend the budget. An Army memorandum informs all prospective witnesses before congressional committees that "the budget as presented to the legislative body by the President is that decided upon by the Chief Executive. We, as subordinate elements, are bound to support it before the legislative body.... Under no circumstances should the witness voluntarily voice an opinion contrary to the Army position."

Another difficulty confronting a witness is that the Administration's views may change. To keep in step with them, for instance, a senior officer will find himself charged with defending the point of view expressed by Mr. Dulles on the employment of nuclear weapons in January of 1954 and changing his point of view to support Mr. Dulles' changed point of view several years later.

In the Department of the Army staff in 1954 we were profoundly concerned with the implications of the New Look. We feared that it would result in failure to support our surface-to-surface and surface-to-air missile programs, inadequate funding to support a satellite program, inadequate funding for our research and development programs so essential to the development of land forces for the missile age, and finally in a serious reduction in manpower at a time when the trend should have been the opposite. That our concerns were well founded soon became manifest.

As of early 1954 the Army contained 20 divisions and seven basic training organizations with divisional numbers. In accordance with the philosophy of the New Look, a critical cut in this division strength was undertaken at once. First, the Army was directed to include the training organizations in its over-all division strength. The total number of divisions was then reduced in order to match the old number of combat-ready units, so that if you did not examine the numbers you would have the impression that no reduction had taken place.

As the cutback continued and Congress began to show concern, the Army was told to regroup its nondivision personnel and thus account for more divisions. For example, the forces at Fort Benning, Ga. were grouped on paper with those in the Panama Canal Zone and called a division. Likewise, forces at Fort Lewis, Washington were grouped with those in Alaska. To some segments of the press, these became known as "Wilson" divisions. At the same time Congress was assured, in the annual hearings, that our combat strength was not being reduced. We were simply cutting the fat and the nonessential service and support units. That the contrary was the case few outside the Department of the Army seemed willing to admit.

More important than manpower cuts, however, was our inability to obtain adequate funding for the missile program. In late 1954 I decided that it was in the nation's interest that we develop, as a matter of high priority, an intermediate range ballistic missile, and that we should undertake a satellite program. After considerable staff discussions I personally recommended to the Army's Chief of Staff, General Matthew B. Ridgway, in March 1955 that the IRBM program be undertaken at a cost of \$25 million. A week later he told me he could not possibly obtain money on that scale from the Department of Defense. If the Army were to undertake the program, he said, we would have to finance it out of the money then available to us. Since our budget was critically inadequate we decided not to start an IRBM but to advance the proposed range of the new Redstone missile from 200 miles to 500 miles. We hoped that when a range of 500 miles was achieved the Department of Defense would be aware of the national need and authorize a longer range.

We were, at the time, in a most interesting situation in missile development. In 1951 the Army had undertaken the development of a 450-mile-range ballistic missile. Then at the direction of our missile "czar," Mr. K. T. Keller, a heavy thermonuclear warhead was programmed for the missile and its range of necessity was reduced to 200 miles. This was a good change since it at least assured the country of an early surface-to-surface thermonuclear missile. At the time, however, there was no interest in the Army's missile program because missiles were considered rather

exotic and far in the distant future. In early 1955, therefore, when the Army decided once again to develop a missile of 500-mile range, few outside the Army staff showed any interest in it. The Joint Chiefs of Staff, in fact, had agreed to let the Army develop surface-to-surface missiles for tactical use, without any range limits at all.

It was not until the other services became aware of the combat potential of missiles that Secretary Wilson issued his now famous memorandum of Nov. 26, 1956 restricting the Army to missiles with a range of 200 miles or less. Thus the lack of awareness of the importance of missiles in 1954 had two facets: money could not be obtained for them, and there were no limits on the surface-to-surface technical missiles to be developed and used by the Army. And so the country's missile-satellite programs awaited a more favorable attitude on the part of the Defense Department. In the meantime Congress was being assured that all was well and that we were ahead of the Russians in all our military programs. As we now know, the U.S. was already falling behind.

General Ridgway had come to the Pentagon as one of the "good new chiefs" when all of the "bad old chiefs" left in the summer of 1953. He brought to the office of Chief of Staff a background and breadth of experience unique to that office. I had known him to be a man of extreme courage, moral and physical, and soon I was to see his resources taxed to the utmost in his efforts to maintain a combat-ready army.

Somehow, despite Secretary Wilson and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Ridgway managed to hold together an army and to continue to ready that army for the nuclear-missile-space age.

And he did so despite a constantly shrinking budget. Yet from what I saw as one of his senior staff officers it was plainly not the shrinking budget that was bothersome—for the Army traditionally suffers from fiscal malnutrition in peacetime. It was the deception and duplicity of those with whom he had to work in the Department of Defense.

Mr. Wilson tended to deal with his Chiefs of Staff as though they were recalcitrant union bosses. The thought struck me a number of times that Walter Reuther, under the circumstances, would have been a more effective chief of staff than a professional soldier could ever be. I have known General Ridgway, after weeks of painstaking preparation, to brief Mr. Wilson on a problem with lucidity and thoroughness. At the conclusion Mr. Wilson would gaze out

of the window and ask a question that had no relevance whatsoever to the subject of the briefing. Among his aides it was known as taking the briefer "on a trip around the world." It was a studied technique that he used when he had his mind already made up about what you were going to talk to him about. As I heard another chief of staff say, "He was the most uninformed man, and the most determined to remain so, that has ever been Secretary."

As the situation deteriorated in the Pacific after the fall of Dienbienphu and the siege of Quemoy and Matsu, we became concerned about the defense of Formosa. General Ridgway sent a general officer to Formosa to look into the situation. Upon his return he recommended that the U.S. provide Formosa with a sizable increase in its logistical and air defense units. This was particularly important in view of the proposed plan to base U.S. Air Force fighter aircraft on the island on a rotational basis. Because of the Army's reduction in strength, General Ridgway was extremely reluctant to go along with the recommendation, but he finally felt that he had to. At the same time, however, the Secretary of Defense and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff were assuring Congress, in reply to specific questions, that additional Army units would not be required and none were under consideration.

On a later occasion—in his memorandum of Nov. 26, 1956—Secretary Wilson stated flatly that our airlift capability was adequate. We in the Army knew that the U.S. could not at that time airlift a single division, either tactically or strategically.

The Defense Department had an especially annoying method of suggesting to the services that another cut in funds, say 10% across the board, was due. When the critical harm that would result from such a cut was pointed out, the reply was polite.

"The Department of Defense understands how serious the situation is, and we realize that you couldn't stand a further cut in either funds or



LACK OF SUPPORT for Korean war, caused by shortage of planes to transport troops, is shown by these U.S. infantrymen waiting in Japan for airlift to start.

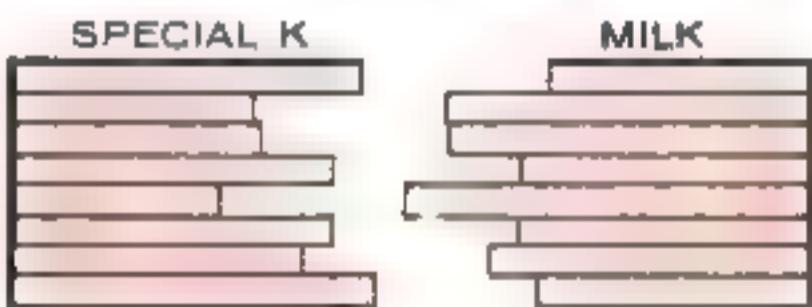


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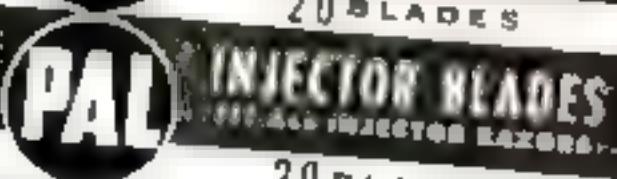
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HIGHHANDED BOSS. Defense Secretary Wilson shocked Gavin when he said, "We can't afford to fight limited wars. We can only afford...a big war."

GAVIN CONTINUED

personnel and still meet your obligations. But suppose you go back and think the thing over. Suppose you did have to take a cut, just suppose, how would you do it?"

A week later, or perhaps a few days, you would return with an outline of the implications of such a cut. After explaining it, you would be greeted with:

"That is very good. I am glad to see you think that way. The program that you have recommended is approved."

Thus the burden of cutting was shifted to the Chief of Staff. If later there were occasion for a congressional query, and there always is, Congress would be assured that the Chiefs of Staff recommended or concurred in the reduction. I am happy to note that Secretary McElroy is trying hard to put an end to this practice, and if he continues in his present methods he will succeed.

It would be well to say at this point a word about the decision-making processes in our national government that ultimately find reflection in weapons systems, adequate or not as they may be. For it is the decision-making processes that have been at fault. We have not lacked resources. The decisions have not only been in error but they have also been late. It is imperative for the U.S. to accelerate and improve the quality of its decision-making processes.

National defense is today the biggest industry in the United States. Furthermore, it is by far the most complicated. Each of the services deals with highly technical weapons systems, which only our topflight scientists understand in detail, and the interplay between the services and the weapons systems pose problems beyond the management capabilities of the average individual American, no matter how skilled he is in making and selling automobiles, or oatmeal, or shoes, or airplanes. As a consequence, the Secretary of Defense must rely especially heavily on the advice of those closest to him.

The time-honored principle of civilian control of defense matters is sound and absolutely fundamental in our democracy. It worked particularly well through World War II. At the time the Secretaries of the separate services had competent military staffs to advise them. The civilian Secretaries made the decisions, defended their programs before Congress and assumed full responsibility for the exercise of civilian control over their departments.

With the establishment of the Department of Defense in 1947 an additional layer of civilian management was placed above the services. Furthermore, by the law, military officers were forbidden to hold executive positions in the Department of Defense. As a result the



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GENERAL RIDGWAY

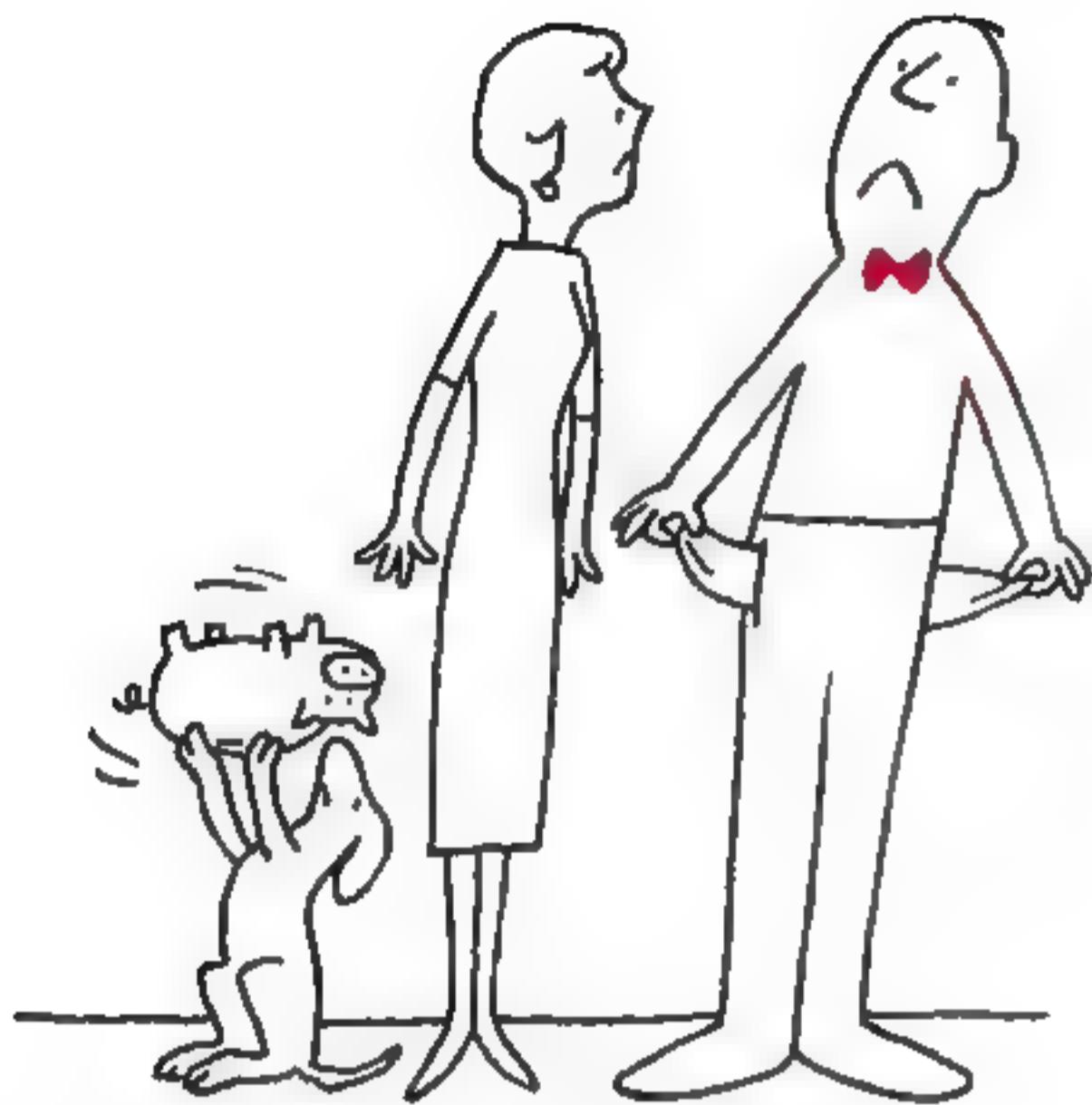


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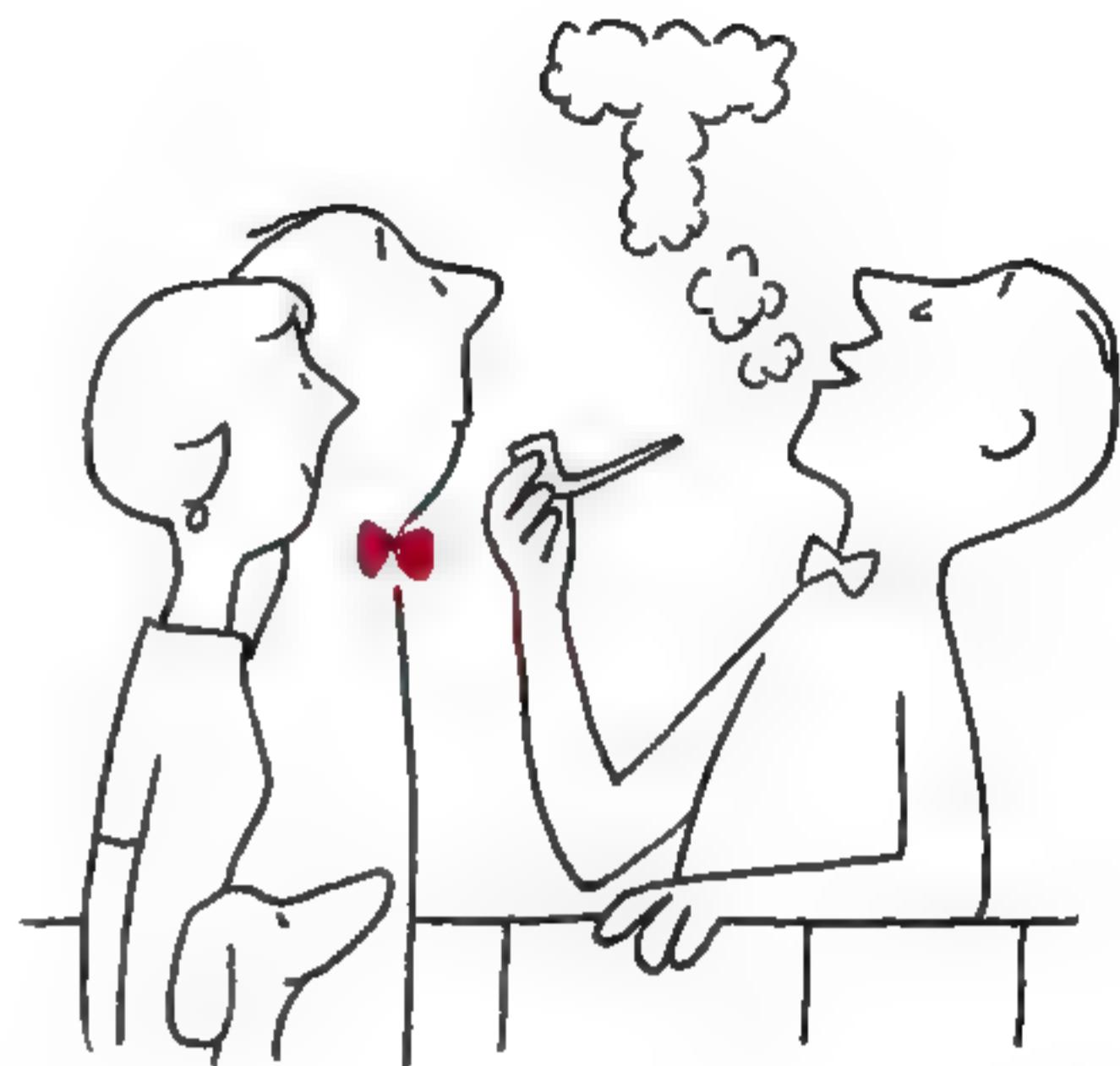


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1.

With payday still a week away Stan Jones was forced to borrow—
“Insurance premiums did me in—a whopper’s due tomorrow.
I wonder how Bob Work can live much higher on the hog,
Yet pay those unexpected bills like falling off a log.”



2.

Confided Bob, “Those brutal chunks once caught me unawares.
But now with Travelers Budget Plan, I’ve no insurance cares.
The bills for life, health, home and car don’t spell my ruination;
I pay ‘em monthly in one check—this plan’s been my salvation.”



3.

“My Travelers man has girded me with one unbroken wall—
No fatal gaps—no overlaps,” boomed Bob, “One man to call.”
“One man!” howled Stan, “Why mine are legion! If I have a claim
I need a card index machine to find the right man’s name.”



4.

“A blissful plan,” Bob summed it up, “All worry’s off my neck—
American Family Independence—one low monthly check.”
Why let those sudden premiums knock your budget out of whack?
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GAVIN CONTINUED

Assistant Secretaries of Defense rely heavily on hundreds of civil service employees, who probably have more impact on decision-making in the Department of Defense than any other group of individuals, military or civilian.

Often it develops that two Assistant Secretaries differ as to the missile's essentiality. Or perhaps neither one of them desires to act upon it. Then they can refer it to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Here it enters an arena where two chiefs against one is the law. How two of them line up on an issue depends on many intangibles. A proposed missile program may remain in the Joint Chiefs of Staff for many months, and some have. By the time a final decision is made in the Department of Defense, many months, and in some cases years, have elapsed. All of the pleading and urging of those in uniform, who see national survival almost slipping through their fingers, can be of little avail if the Department of Defense declines to act. Its inability to act, in the last analysis, stems directly from the fact that hundreds of civilians, many of them lacking competence in their assigned fields, have now imposed themselves between the senior civilian Secretaries of the services, and Congress and the Executive.

Many people believe that each service develops and follows a party line, requiring its members to adhere to that line, and that this colors the process of decision-making in the Pentagon. As a friend of mine said not long ago, "Scratch a member of the Air Force and out comes an airman. They all have the same point of view and say the same things." This is not so. Within each service there are strong differences of opinion on many of the fundamental issues. With few exceptions, men in uniform think for themselves and in the higher staffs they give you their best objective judgments.

If I were to place our military spokesmen in categories, I would group them as liberals and conservatives, for it is quite evident that the differences of opinion tend to polarize into such schools of thought. If, for example, one were to question an individual of any service on one or two of the following points, one could without difficulty put him in his proper place regarding military policy. Generally speaking the points of view are as follows:

LIBERAL

- War, if it does occur, will begin first by Russian economic and political penetration. This will be accomplished by appropriate diplomatic maneuvers to place us in a position from which it would be difficult to respond with force. Thereafter, force would be used by the Soviets to the degree necessary to achieve their objectives, and these will normally be limited.
- Our nuclear resources should be fabricated into weapons which are in such size as to be useful against tactical targets in precise military application.
- Our country's military policy should reflect our national diplomatic policy. NATO, SEATO and our other commitments should be supported fully by us with forces in being.

CONSERVATIVE

- War, if it does come, will start with an all-out and devastating air strike at the source of strength of the Western world—the United States. With the advantage that surprise affords for a ruthless aggressor, the war could be won by the Soviets in minutes if we are not prepared for it, or if we did not launch an anticipatory attack of our own.
- Our nuclear resources should be fabricated into weapons of the largest yield possible. Thus in one blow we can maximize the damage inflicted on any potential aggressor, or aggressors.
- Major investment should be made in our atomic retaliatory forces. We cannot afford to squander our limited resources in pockets all over the world. We should provide the necessary retaliatory forces and let our Allies provide "conventional" forces.
- Aircraft carriers, in particular super carriers, are a waste of our national resources and duplicate the land-based atomic retaliatory forces. Our only real naval need is for submarines which can deal with the Soviet submarine menace that may threaten our commercial shipping and threaten the U.S. with missiles.
- Only the forces in being will be effective in future war, which will be over too quickly for the participation of large reserves. There is little value, therefore, in maintaining such an establishment and in paying for an industrial mobilization program.

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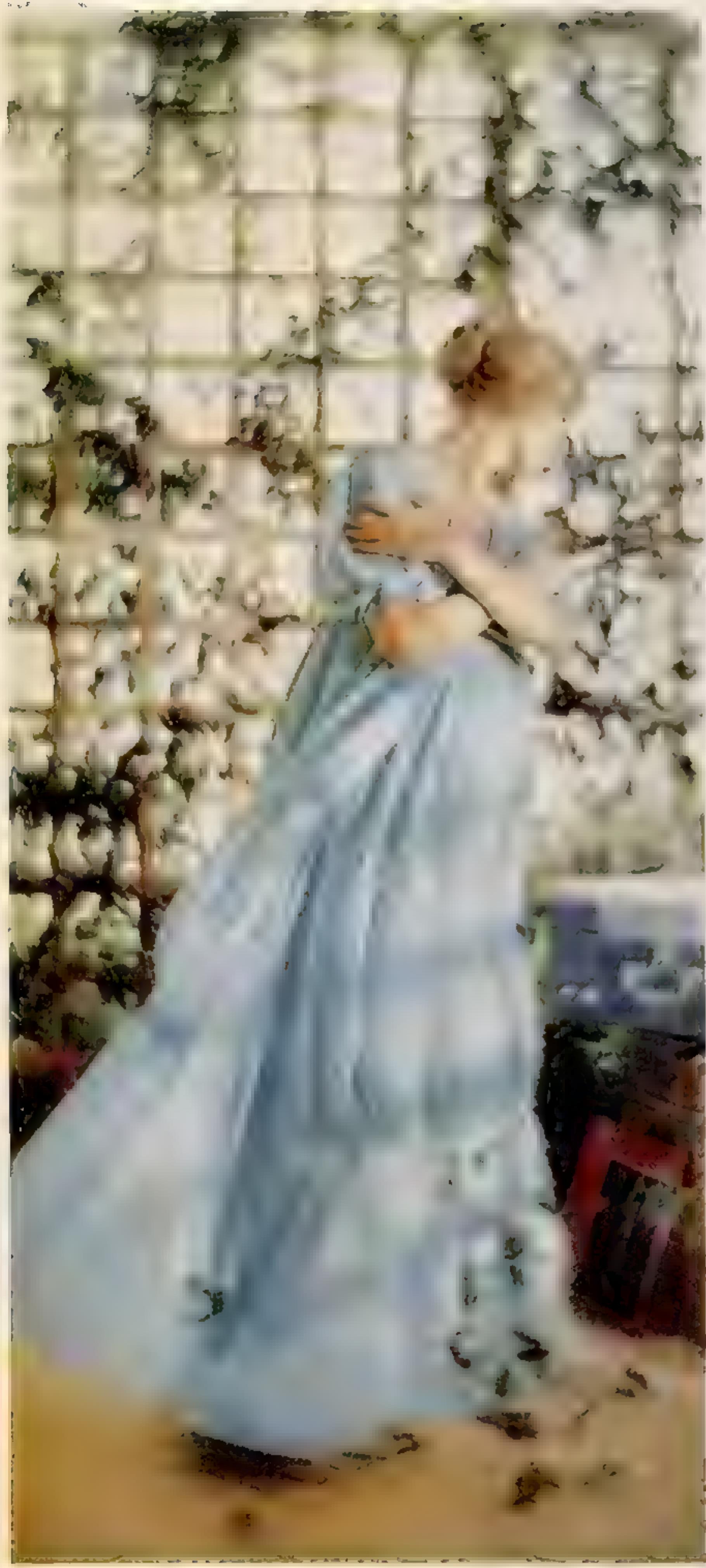
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JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF include (from front) Air Force's White, Army's Taylor, Chairman Twining, Navy's Burke, Marine Corps' Pace.

GAVIN CONTINUED

Officers of all services are represented in both these schools of thought. However, the Army and Navy generally associate with the liberal school and the Air Force with the conservative school. It is interesting to note also that in general the two political parties side with opposing groups—the Democrats with the liberal group and the Republicans with the conservative.

Such alignments are far more meaningful, in my opinion, than those signified by the term "interservice rivalry." It has always seemed strange to me that so many experienced businessmen, new to the Department of Defense, are horrified by evidence of rivalry between the services. It would be a very poor Army or Navy that was not fiercely proud of its own service and, with that, just as proud of its ability to serve as a team player with its sister services. Most interservice rivalry that I have become aware of has been productive of good results in the nation's interest.

There is one aspect of interservice competition that is unquestionably harmful, however, and there is little that the services can do about it. This is industrial competition. Industry, through extravagant advertising claims and lobbying pressures on Congress and civilian members of the Department of Defense, can place members of the armed forces in a difficult position. If a service will go along with an industry's claims for its products it can often obtain an increased budget, sometimes for things not even directly associated with the industry-supported product. It is difficult for a service to resist such pressures, since by going along it can rationalize its position in terms of the over-all good that can be accomplished with more money. The amount of money that industry spends on nationwide advertising for hardware that is obsolete is sizable and the lobbying pressure that industry can bring to bear on Congress in terms of employment, payrolls, and effect upon constituents is impressive. Finally, when such forces come into play in the committee system that presently characterizes the decision-making processes of the Department of Defense, they can become very harmful. It is at this stage that they assume the appearance of interservice differences although fundamentally the problem is industrial and not a service one.

NO organizational arrangement, no matter how skillfully conceived, can by itself solve our defense problems. It takes people and resources to solve them. But the best of people, regardless of the resources made available to them, can be thwarted and frustrated, and finally made ineffective, by a poor organization. Some of the most able and intelligent Americans in public life have in the past 10 years sought to bring order out of the decision-making maze of the Department of Defense, only to fail.

I am convinced that the most serious problem lies in the present setup of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Civilian control means civilian decision-making. But the Secretary of Defense needs the best possible military advice on which to base his decisions. How is he to get it?

The answer might appear to be that the Secretary can obtain professional military advice from the Joint Chiefs of Staff. But the Joint Chiefs do not work like that. As long as a chief of staff is responsible

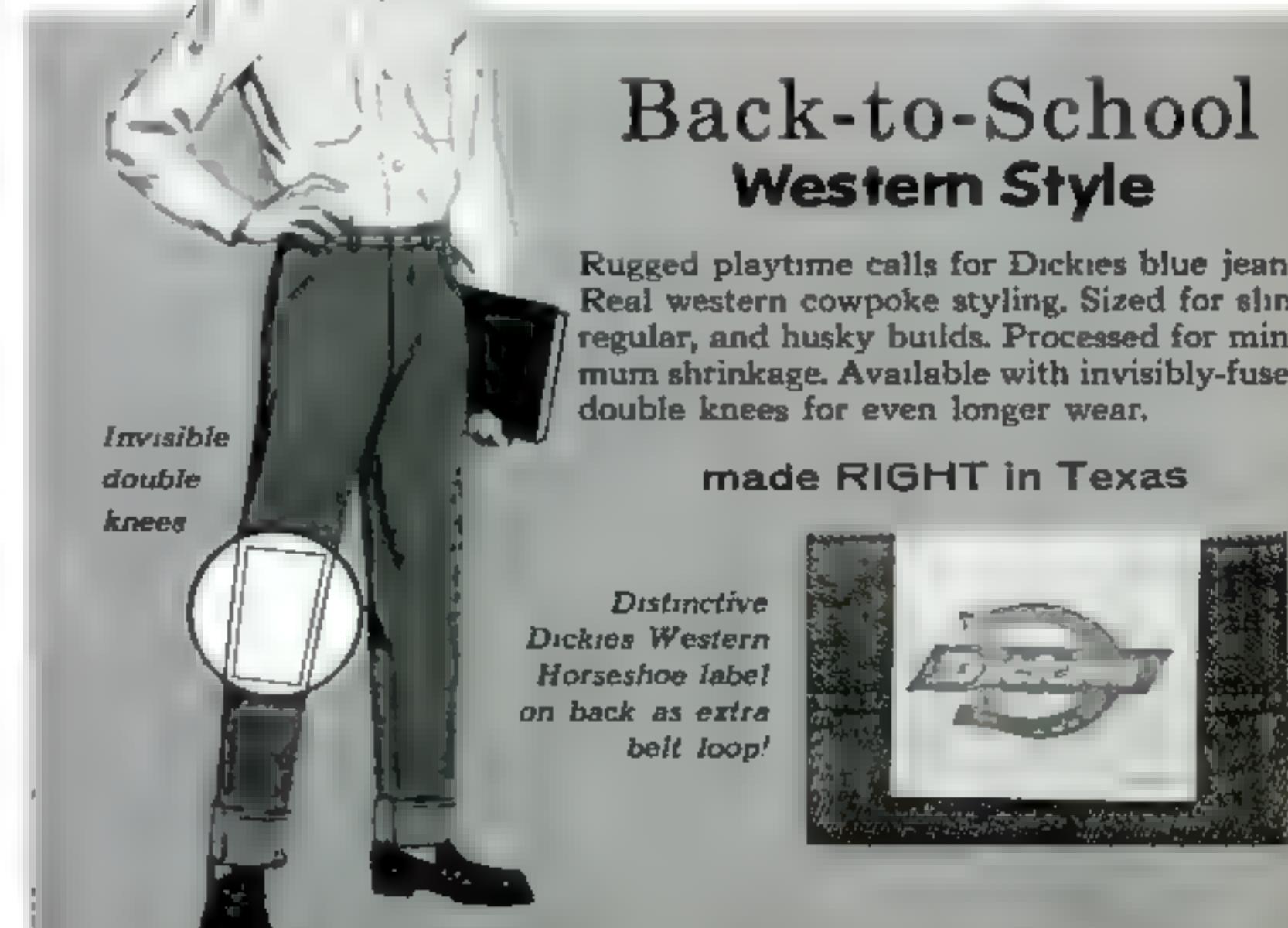
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GAVIN CONTINUED

for the leadership and morale of a particular service, he cannot be expected to be party to decisions in the Department of Defense that deleteriously affect his own service.

Recently I heard a distinguished member of the United States Senate describe in a few words the evils of the *modus operandi* of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. He was speaking to a senior general:

"The trouble with the Joint Chiefs of Staff system, General, is that it simply doesn't work. If Congress sends the Defense Department \$5 billion, the Chiefs may decide to buy five more super carriers and five more B-52 wings."

I intervened and said, "Nothing for the Army?"

And the senator replied, "Yes, that is right. Nothing for the Army." Which tells the story tersely and well. Of course the Army could combine with the Navy against the Air Force or the Air Force with the Army against the Navy.

In effect the Chiefs occupy an impossible position. Each is supposed to wear two hats: he speaks both as the head of a service and as a member of the Defense Department. But the former cannot be disassociated from the latter. And, in fact, the record will show that interest in the former usually prevails, although entirely in a patriotic sense, since a chief's background, loyalties and responsibilities are best served when he supports his own service.

Abolish the Joint Chiefs system

It is obvious, therefore, that the two functions must be separated.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff organization as such should be abolished. One solution would be to appoint the Chiefs of Staff to a senior military advisory group upon the termination of their tour of military service. As members of such a group they would advise the Secretary of Defense and fill a role comparable to what was originally intended for the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Thus their military background and valuable counsel could be brought to bear on our national defense problems without their having to serve a simultaneous and often conflicting obligation of leadership to their own particular branch of service. With the separation of the "Joint Chiefs" from the joint staff that had been created to serve them, the joint staff, numbering over 200 officers of all services, could be made available to serve the Secretary of Defense. It would then, in effect, become the military staff of the Department of Defense, serving both the Secretary and the Assistant Secretaries of Defense.

Considerable opposition exists today to a military staff for the Secretary of Defense. There is frequent reference to the horrors of a "Prussian General Staff." I am not sure that those who use that expression know what they mean by it. The fact is that in the last two world wars Germany did not have a "German General Staff" in the true sense. In World War I the German army and navy were completely independent of each other and no staff existed to coordinate their efforts. In World War II Germany's inability to achieve a quick victory has been attributed to its failure to coordinate its army and navy efforts.

On the other hand, the staff system developed in the United States is far more efficient than anything created by any nation, to my knowledge, in military history. Good staff organization exists now under Admiral Stump in the Pacific and General Norstad in Europe. There is no comparable staff in the Department of Defense today.

Reforms will help, but they will not solve the nation's problem. With each month that passes, the missile lag puts the U.S. in an increasingly dangerous position. How long will this last? For at least three, and more likely for five years, depending entirely upon the effort we are willing to make to reduce it. The Soviets have already announced their intention of increasing their present margin of lead over us. We are in for a hard pull, and no sugar-coated reassurances of our superiority will save us. Only hard work and courage will help.

NEXT WEEK: WHAT FOR 1965? SPACE STRATEGY AND INFANTRY

Turning next week to the military combat of the future, General Gavin tells how we must prepare ourselves against missile attack and how the ultimate strategy of 1965 will be decided on technological and psychological grounds. He predicts the global tactics that will be used and the new ways wars, if any, will be fought—satellites firing missiles and infantrymen packing atomic weapons.

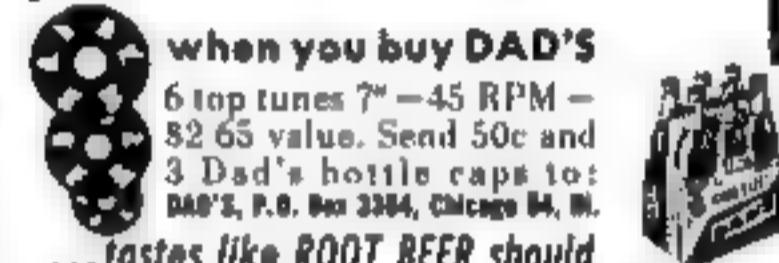
A Story of DAD'S



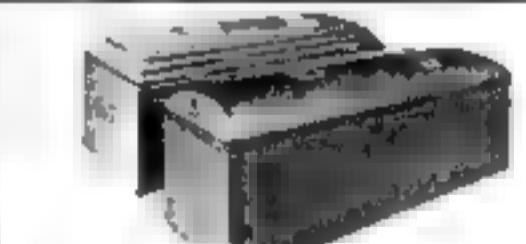
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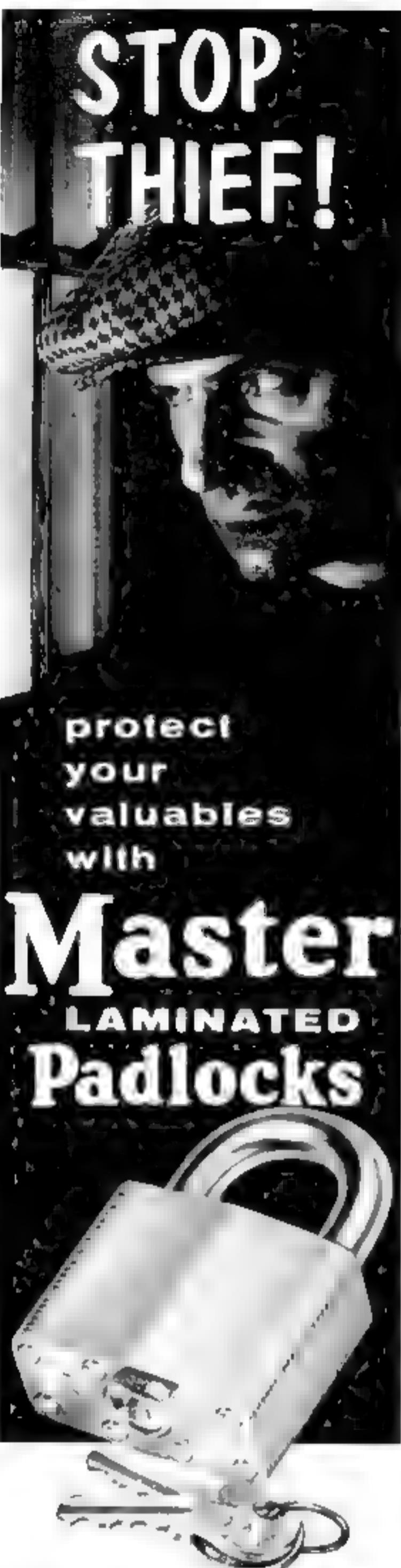


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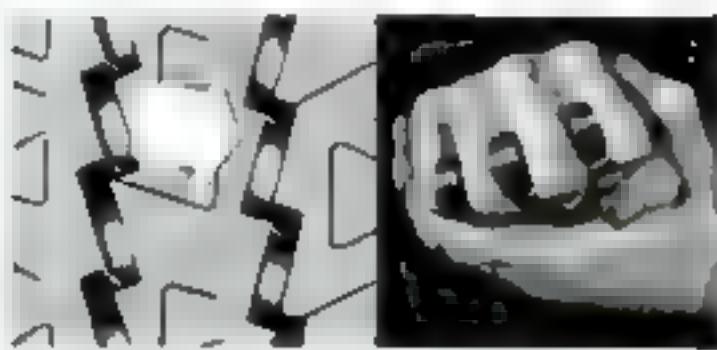
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PERCHED HIGH on roller coaster, Mrs. Gregory Peck (top) gazes anxiously down upon the sheer descent yawning beneath her, is reassured by her husband.

Merry Night Out for the Stars

The roller coaster ride taken (*above*) by Gregory Peck and his French-born wife Veronique was her first—and in all probability her last. "The adventure," she complained afterward, "took the curl right out of my hair." But a solid turnout of Hollywood stars had a merry time when they showed up for a big charity premiere at Pacific Ocean Park, a new \$10 million amusement pier at Santa Monica, which raised some \$50,000 for the Reiss-Davis Clinic for Child Guidance. Admission: \$25 a couple with extra for food and drink. The most popular ride during the evening was the flying fish (*right*) on which, said Rhonda Fleming, "you really feel you've had it." Another favorite was the pirate's maze (*far right*) in which reflections and confusing lights made finding a passage through an eerie, step-by-step process. Safely outside again, Henry Fonda cracked, "This is going to be a big hit with the stars—with all those mirrors."



RUSHING DOWN in the coaster, Peck beams while his wife gaily tosses her head back in laughter. Afterwards she bought a wig to cover her tootsie feet.





ON FLYING FISH (below) Rhonda Fleming and Jerry Nathanson hit the bottom of the ride's sharpest bump at 70 mph. Passengers ride in two-place cars.



IN PIRATE'S MAZE Doris Day and husband Marty Melcher feel for the narrow paths between panes of glass. Polka-dot effect comes from lights inside posts.



SPOTTING FRIEND through the glass pane, Mrs. Jimmy Stewart (left) waves a greeting toward Mrs. Henry Fonda in midst of maze. At right is Actor Stewart.



A TRANSPARENT TRANSFER

Walking slowly across a Milwaukee, Wis. street, the workmen seemed to be straining under an imaginary load. But what looked to passers-by like much effort for nothing was the delicate transfer of an 18-foot-long plate glass from a truck to a building under

construction. The employees of a local glass manufacturing company, six in all, gingerly handled the 252-pound section by use of suction cups below the center of the glass. They knew that one false step could produce a \$250 crack in this picture window.



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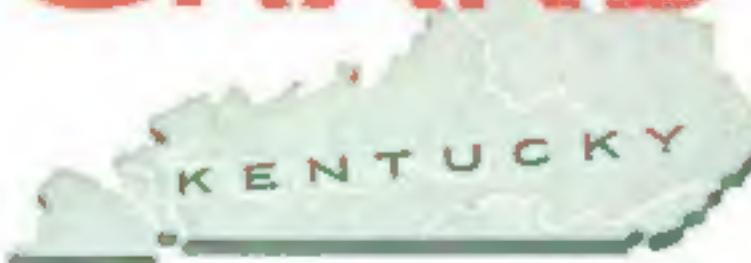
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